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H. S. MENDELSSOHN,

THE COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

Pembridge Crescent, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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THE TEST MATCHES.

THERE is nothing original in saying that cricket is a curious game, or that it is an uncertain game, or that many games, apparently won, are eventually lost, and conversely. Seldom, however, have these common-places received more accurate illustration than in the series of test matches just concluded. As all the world knows—there was excitement even among the cricketers of Holland—the result of the series was the loss of the rubber to England, two matches to one against the Mother Country, and two drawn games, one of which we must have won, and one of which we could hardly have lost. Further, there is a balance of runs in our favour, though there is a balance of games against us, we having scored 1,646 runs to the 1,395 scored by our formidable opponents, and having lost one wicket less than they in the getting. Figures have an odd way sometimes of illustrating the power attributed to Socrates of making the worse appear the better cause, and we will make a present of this doctrine to those croakers whose cries have of late been heard in the land malignly impugning not only the skill, but also the nerve, or pluck, call it which we will, of our own players. It is perfectly true that several of our best performers have failed badly at a time when failure spelt, or seemed to spell, disaster; it is equally true, however, that some of the Australian “cracks” did likewise. That was because the best players are human and not divine. Were cricketers infallible there would be no cricket. But we lift up our voice emphatically against those who have

already lifted up their voices, proclaiming in raucous tones of self-satisfied joy that our cricket times are out of joint; that we can neither choose a representative eleven nor a competent captain, and that our players cannot play. The lie was given to these statements last Wednesday week at twenty minutes past four, though we tremble to think of the cacophonous dirge that would have arisen if the skill of Trumble or of Saunders had triumphed over that of Hirst and of Rhodes. Fortunately it did not, and our ears are still unstunned. As a matter of fact, when matches are won by three runs—the amount that a single decent hit may provide—or by a single wicket—which a single ball might have secured—the element of luck enters more largely into the game than it does at less crucial moments. As the special correspondent of the *Times*, discussing the Manchester test match, wrote (we quote from memory): “A snick for four from Tate’s bat, or a ‘fourer’ bye that escaped Kelly would have given us that match,” and pæans of praise instead of doleful dirges would have arisen. Neither the bye nor the snick came, and we lost. Similarly at the Oval, had Trumble been lucky enough to send down a leg-stump shooter, we might have lost again, and the dirge would have been doleful indeed. We consider, however, that in winning the final test match we won a most extraordinary victory, for at no time in the game did we seem to have a chance, and in this respect we can claim our close win at the Oval as more than a set off to the close loss at Manchester, for in both cases the Australians were playing a winning game, or something like it—it is an open secret that they did not expect us to get 124 runs at Manchester—and only those who have seen them playing a losing game know what their play is like when they are playing with the full prospect of success. To compare the two elevens would certainly be invidious if not impossible; the results even of five matches are not sufficient grounds on which to found a theory unless all the five are fought out and throughout under similar conditions, a state of things that in a game like cricket cannot be attained. Even more invidious would it be to compare individuals, but we venture to think that in F. S. Jackson we have the finest cricketer of the two sides, for not only has he made the highest aggregate of runs, though the highest average—which means but little—is not his, but he has in no less than four matches come to the rescue when we were in a parlous condition. This is the state of things that demands the man as well as the cricketer, and the noble deed calls forth the noble knight. We would not exchange him for the doughtiest of the Australian champions, not for Trumble himself or Trumper. It may be that the case is accurately summed up by an Australian, a member of earlier Colonial elevens, who has declared that only these two would be select from Darling’s side had he to choose the positively best eleven in the world.

In conclusion, we have lost, but we need not repine nor whine, partly because we have lost to a really grand eleven, partly because that grand eleven has not suffered when fortune was against it, partly because it has made the most of fortune’s favours when they came its way. The story of the test matches of Coronation year will be told in the future not “with weeping or with laughter,” but as the recital of grim contests in which the contestants were so closely balanced that only when Fortune struck the scale could the issue be decided. Unfortunately she struck, for us, the wrong scale, and “down went Hector’s hour of doom.” It would be ungracious to conclude without a word of congratulation to our opponents. If our own struggle has been gallant, that gallantry was only evoked by the knowledge that the skill, patience, and courage of the enemy demanded a more than human effort from ourselves. Never have men fought harder or deserved success more than have the Australians under Darling’s command. Without a word of reserve we congratulate them.

Our Portrait Illustrations.

LAST week we showed a portrait of the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland engaged in his favourite pastime of golf. What could be more suitable than that this week our frontispiece should be the Countess of Dudley, who will be of material assistance to the Viceroy in holding the Viceregal Court. Grace of manner is perhaps more valuable and more appreciated at the Castle and at the Viceregal Lodge in the Phoenix Park than anywhere else. Lady Dudley, who was married in 1891, is the daughter of the late Mr. Richard Gurney, and has three children, including a son, William Humble Eric, born in 1894, who is Viscount Ednam. He has two sisters, Lady Gladys Honor and Lady Morvyn Lilian Ward, one older and one younger than himself. The family places, Witley Court, Himley Hall, and Croghen in Merionethshire, will miss their master and mistress sadly; but England’s loss is Ireland’s gain. Elsewhere will be found an intensely interesting little portrait of Master Rodney Hannen, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hannen, jun., of St. Andrew’s Place, Regent’s Park. Master Hannen, who is in fancy dress as John Bull, looks the character to a marvel.



PERHAPS the happiest impression left by the great naval displays of Saturday and Monday is one entirely personal to the King. It is in the nature of a proud feeling that, at any rate, our Sovereign is no fair-weather sailor. During the actual ceremony of inspection on Saturday sea and sky left nothing to be desired, but the deluge in the evening was something which could be realised only by those who felt it. Then Monday was, to put it in blunt language, a thoroughly beastly day, when nobody could enjoy anything; but the King stuck to his task like a true man, and, although the dirty weather rendered the manoeuvres laid down for that noble fleet of battle-ships and cruisers incompatible with safety, or, at any rate, with prudence, the Royal yacht remained at anchor between the Warner and the Nab, sometimes blotted out by rain, sometimes visible dimly through a watery curtain, until the late afternoon, and His Majesty was not satisfied until he had seen the great cruising yachts start for the Cherbourg race; for the king of an island folk who love the sea has the seafaring taste very strongly developed.

A few episodic notes about the inspection, the review, and the illuminations, from the pen of one who saw them all, so far as they were visible, may not be out of place. And first we would enter a strong protest against the ill-conditioned folks who have fallen into an unmannerly habit of talking of King's weather whenever rain mars a Royal function. His Majesty, we are convinced, cannot like the practice, which grows in tediousness with iteration, and was childish in its inception. The simple truth of the matter is that this is a horrible year, which plays havoc with game and harvests and society with cruel impartiality. The windows of heaven are opened and the rain falls on the just and the unjust. Nor, really, is the cause far to seek. We have been at the pains to mention among the really weatherwise the theory, raised tentatively in *COUNTRY LIFE* not long since, that the Martinique eruption is the main cause of the chaotic weather, from which not only England but all the world has suffered in this year of grace; and it meets with very general acceptance.

Saturday was the ladies' day, and the officers of the Fleet honoured them gallantly, some of the internal decorations being remarkably pretty. One such, seen in Niobe (who was "all tears," and very much so when the deluge of rain descended), deserves a word of mention. There were long tables decked with flowers in great profusion strewn upon the damask cloths; and cunningly entwined among the flowers were electric wires with white and coloured lights hidden among the blossoms. The effect was exactly that of the lines in Shelley's "Skylark":

"Like a glow-worm golden,
In a dell of dew,
Shedding unbeholden
Its aerial hue,

Amid the flowers and grass that shield it from the view."

The only trouble was that the heat of the globes was rather too much for the flowers, but the effect was wonderfully pretty all the same.

Sooth to say there were some ladies, not in Niobe but elsewhere, who somewhat abused their opportunities. A grim battle-ship, even when dressed with flags, looks somewhat incongruous, as a strong man might look in a ball dress, or a knight in armour if he should wear a gardenia in an empty rivet hole of his harness. The gay dresses of ladies really look out of harmony with the armour-plated sides, the long cannons, the barbettes, and the casemates. But great allowance was made for the ladies on Saturday, and they were permitted to stand on the after shelter deck behind the bluejackets when they manned ship. Now bluejackets are not, as a race, tall men, and they availed little to hide the kaleidoscopic mass of millinery behind them. But it was carrying the thing a little too far when the guests of some captains, their hosts being absent perforce upon the bridge,

went out on to the stern walks behind the captains' after cabins, in full view of the King as he passed, and it is not surprising to learn that a firm rebuke was signalled through the Fleet.

Heretical though it may seem to say so, the actual inspection was not a very thrilling affair. True it is that the long lines of ships of many forms were in themselves a majestic spectacle, although even that really looked better from the shore, whence it could be taken in at a single glance as a comprehensive whole, than it did from any of the ships. True it is also that the collection of vessels gave to the so-called "Naval Experts" (of whom some know their business, but of whom many also do not know enough to realise their ignorance) an opportunity of airing their views. But the true and stately poetry of the Navy, its Miltonic character, so to speak, was not visible or audible until Monday. Then, in proportion to the difficulty of seeing or understanding the movements of the ships was the real impressiveness of the whole. First the deep music of the guns thundered from behind a veil of relentless rain; then they could be seen from time to time moving in ordered and majestic progress over the surface of the waters, absolutely indifferent to the turmoil of the elements. Finally they were lost to view. The very wildness of the surroundings added to the splendour of the scene. Mere humanity seemed dwarfed before it.

As for the illuminations, the rain did all that was possible to mar their splendour, but succeeded only in enhancing it. Never, save in the tropics, has there been a more sudden or overwhelming downpour. It was almost as though a waterspout had burst. Then, suddenly, in the middle of it all, as at the touch of the wand of a magician, every vessel in that huge fleet glowed from stem to stern and was outlined in white light in respect to all her salient points. One could trace the four upright funnels of *Sutlej* and *Niobe*, the fighting-tops of many another vessel, and this effect was simply superb, both from a close and from a distant point of view. Close at hand one could see the drops of fierce rain, which seemed to be exaggerated in size, hissing past in cataracts of molten silver; in the distance were interminable avenues of light. If ever there was illumination more brilliant it was at Malta last year, when Sir John Fisher accomplished in honour of the Prince of Wales a triumph which would have made a professional pyrotechnist as green as one of his own lights with envy.

But there was that essential difference between the picture of Saturday and the indelible impression of Malta conjured up by memory which rendered exact comparison happily impossible. Malta was a gorgeous but highly concentrated picture. None of those who saw the precipitous sides of the Grand Harbour outlined by torches, the Mediterranean Squadron all illuminated and packed into the harbour as closely almost as boats in *Boulter's Lock* on a fine Sunday in summer, the strange monsters on the water, the Maltese skiffs swaying to and fro with their Chinese lanterns, the salvo of a thousand rockets from *St. Elmo* at midnight, the *Andromeda* and the *Diana* in the offing with searchlights pointed to the East, with rigging outlined by men burning Vesey lights, will ever admit that the Maltese scene could be eclipsed. But it was essentially a concentrated spectacle. Saturday's illumination, on the other hand, extended over miles and miles of rain-beaten water; and it, too, was in its way unsurpassable.

Not so, in the opinion of many naval officers, was the display of coloured searchlights, of which some even more highly-coloured descriptions have appeared. The essence of a searchlight is that it should search, that it should penetrate the darkness with a straight and ever-widening shaft of irresistible light. That is the effect produced by the ordinary and colourless light, but it is emphatically not that which follows when colour is attempted. Red and green search a little, blue searches not at all. Presumably the colour in the glass deprives the rays of their penetrative power, and the result, in the opinion of many, was that the flagship, in which the most complete of parti-coloured displays was made, looked really more like a glorified chemist's shop than anything else. Moreover, there seemed to be a general feeling that there was too much of toy business about the whole affair.

The distinction between this feeling about the searchlights and the absence of it concerning the illuminations, which were universally praised, was at first somewhat hard to understand. But perhaps it is to be found in the fact that the illuminations were frankly ornamental playthings, whereas the searchlights were serious instruments of warfare. To play tricks with a searchlight, in such a manner as to make its searching powers about equal to those of a railway signal lamp, was, in a less degree, analogous to using an inverted cannon as a stand for flowers. At any rate, the coloured searchlights were not generally approved. By the way, the writer, in the course of

an attempt to see the manœuvres on Monday, was made the guest of the Bembridge Sailing Club (of which the readers of COUNTRY LIFE may hear more to their pleasure before long), and he noticed that the walls of their pretty club-house were ornamented with striking Japanese pictures of the Chino-Japanese War, in which the searchlight plays a deadly part. No visitor to this exquisite little corner of the island (where the Redwings flourish but never breed—if a mild ornithological jest may be permitted) should miss an opportunity of seeing these pictures.

From every point of view it is a good thing that the Boer generals should have left England suddenly. They may or may not have been intentionally rude in declining the invitation to see the Fleet while it was under inspection; if they were not, it does not matter; if they were, it would be a pity to let them see that their rudeness was felt. At any rate, they did pass near the Fleet, and they could not help realising that to be able to show such a fleet together, without interfering with the exigencies of the naval service in every sea on the face of the globe, was evidence of irresistible strength. Moreover, we have some sympathy with men who dislike appearing in unsuitable dress in public, and we firmly believe that there are few men, and still fewer women, who, in their heart of hearts, do not share that feeling. To dine in morning dress when others have evening dress, to be the only man in a felt hat when tall hats are abundant, are minor but still very real miseries. But the real reason why we are glad that the Boers are gone, is, to put it bluntly, that the sensation-loving section of the British public was inclined to be very foolish about them.

Undoubtedly there is about each of these men—Delarey, Botha, and De Wet—something of the heroic element, and we must all admire their courage, their tenacity of purpose, and their resourcefulness during the late war. *Pro aris et focis* is a sacred cry, and they at any rate believed it to be theirs. "Forgive and forget" is also a noble principle, but, having regard to the actual outrages undoubtedly committed by some of these Boer generals, it may be carried too far. To lionise them would be absurd, but the lionising tendency is ineradicable from English society. Satire has lashed it in vain for generations, with the result of stimulating rather than quelling it. So we are glad that they have gone, for the silly section of the British public, which is large, would certainly have lionised them, thereby causing them to think ill of us; and, whatever they may have done, it is important that they should think well of us, and not ill, for they can, if they please, be of great service in the resettlement.

THE CORNFIELD.

Upon the upland shining
Stretch fields of yellow wheat,
While slender poppies twining
Glow faintly in the heat;
And as the winds sweep up the hill,
They dance as though they'd ne'er be still—
The whirling poppies red!
One day a sheet of living gold,
A robe of amber spun,
The corn doth flaunt in glory bold,
Challenging the sun.
Set in straight sheaves since early noon,
It glimmers 'neath the harvest moon,
Tangled with poppies dead!

EDITH C. M. DART.

Lovers of the Thames will read with dismay the report presented to the County Council of Oxfordshire on the state of the lovely series of old bridges at Sonning. In 1892 it was intimated that these bridges would not stand a series of heavy floods, or heavy traffic either, yet the floods are no worse than they were, and the bridges show no signs of abnormal decay. Three of them belong to the county of Oxford, while a fourth, over the main river, is not a county bridge. Of the three which are, and which are quite unique, one is of wood, 188ft. long, over the mill stream, and is called Mill Bridge. New Bridge is of brick and timber, and is 139ft. long; while the third, over a side channel, is called Halls Bridge, and is 111ft. long. The proposal before the Council is to substitute iron piles and steel girders for the wooden bridge, and to widen the brick one to allow of a 24ft. roadway. Strong objections were raised by Sir W. Markby and by Lord Saye and Sele on the ground of the loss of character to the bridges. The alterations were only sanctioned by one vote. In view of the value of these old bridges to the beauty and history of the Thames, the matter is one which should not be allowed to rest here. The alterations are to begin in October. Probably more will be heard on the subject before that date.

The salmon fisheries' Commission's report will, no doubt, not please everybody. It is not in the nature of such things to have universal popularity. But it is likely that it will commend itself to the common-sense of the great majority not only of anglers, but also of net-fishers. The angler might wish that

some measure had been recommended by which the fish that are allowed to pass up the estuaries on the Sunday close time—of forty-eight hours, according to the Commission's recommendation—might escape the nets higher up the rivers on the Tuesday and Wednesday. But this, no doubt, would be hard to achieve by a general enactment, and were better left to local authority. Moreover, the recommendation that nets be taken off altogether from narrow reaches of rivers will attain something in the direction required. It is quite in accord with the common-sense even of the angler that nets in the sea should be increased as nets in the river are taken off. Other questions, such as pollution, obstruction, taking away of water, and so on, are answered in the way that has seemed fairly right and obvious to all impartial views, for a long while. On the point of instituting salmon hatcheries the Commission is of opinion that sufficient evidence of their value in this country is not forthcoming to justify the recommendation that Government money should be spent upon them. Very possibly this is a just view, although the evidence in America in regard to hatcheries of Pacific salmon is striking in the results that it gives. But conditions there, and even the fish themselves, are rather different, and it would not be safe to argue from the one case to the other without great caution. On the whole the report would appear to be valuable, so far as it goes—that is to say, so far as such a report can go. What remains is for legislation to see that its recommendations be given something more than a theoretical value by their practical enforcement. We may all live in hope that this will be done, though, by virtue of the teaching of past experience, in no great confidence.

The readers of COUNTRY LIFE have run a narrow escape of losing some of the most fascinating letterpress and pictures that we are ever able to place before them. Indeed, from all the accounts which reach England it seems to be little short of a miracle that Mr. Baillie-Grohman should have escaped almost scatheless from his appalling carriage accident in the Alps. We congratulate both him and our readers most heartily. On the subjects which he really knows, that is to say, the antiquarianism of sport, with illustrations, and the big game shooting of Central Europe, Mr. Grohman has few rivals. We have not always been able to agree with his views on rifles and rifle shooting, but his sporting articles have an undeniable charm. Be it hoped that the accounts of his condition are not minimised and that he is really none the worse; but at best he must have suffered from a very severe shock.

Later accounts of the accident on the Wetterhorn show that it was one of the inevitable "set backs" to the indulgence of a pastime which reckons danger as part of the assets of pleasure. The mental exhilaration of mountain climbing is largely mixed up with the constant, though nearly always unavenged, braving of peril, proximity to chasms, precipices, and ice walls, and imminent deadly natural perils of all kinds. That persons fresh from indoor life and work should be able to surmount all these dangers and thoroughly enjoy the concurrent pleasure of being in the world of everlasting snow, in the silence and unfamiliar surroundings of great altitudes, is immensely creditable to the average English lover of mountain climbing. But events like that on the Wetterhorn do bring home with regrettable emphasis the fact that climbing the Alps is about the most dangerous pastime known for an autumn holiday.

The deluges of Saturday night and Monday could hardly have been more ill-timed. They have not merely caused an immense amount of personal discomfort and inconvenience, which will pass away, but also they have done irreparable damage to the crops. They found far more corn standing in Southern England than they would have found in an ordinary year, and, as a recent journey through the stricken districts has shown, they have laid the corn in a horrible fashion. As yet in many places, and apart from other damage, it cannot be cut by machine. This involves, of course and in the first place, extra expenditure. But, as recent experience shows, it involves something worse. The fact is that the average agricultural labourer of Southern England has been encouraged by machinery to forget all the crafts of which he should be master. The man who can reap, or mow, or thatch a rick, or plough a hedge, is now a specialist, whereas, of course, the ordinary labourer ought to be able to do them all. The writer has had experience of this lately in the case of a field of hay which he deliberately allowed to stand longer than is usual in the South, although a Northern or West Country farmer would have agreed with his judgment. It was laid a good deal by rain, and some Berkshire mowers attacked it. The result is an almost inconceivable eyesore.

The Nature Study Exhibition, and the conferences respecting it, are of peculiar interest to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. The object of the exhibition and of the "study" is to teach children to keep their eyes open—in that condition and first stage of

"wonder" that Bacon designated "unfruitful knowledge." Wonder is not in itself knowledge, but it is the essential condition of the acquirement of knowledge. The object of Nature study is to make the children go about the country "wondering," putting questions to themselves and asking themselves the "why" of everything that they see. Obviously it is the mental attitude in which all the observers who have achieved anything must have approached all Nature and all the universe. The result would be to teach not only natural history, botany, geology, and the rest, but the habit and faculty of intelligent interest in any object presenting itself—an invaluable habit. Sir Edward Fry has lately written to the *Times* calling attention to the society for the organisation of volunteer teaching in rural schools, and Mr. R. Hedger Wallace, in a comment on that letter, suggests that these volunteer teachers will soon be occupied with the subject of Nature study. It hardly seems as if they could be occupied more pleasantly or profitably either for themselves or their pupils; nor does it seem greatly to signify what exact meaning they may be disposed to attach to the large phrase that indicates the lines on which their study will be conducted.

Throughout the length and breadth of England there is to be seen, at the moment of writing, the rather uncommon spectacle of hay harvest and corn harvest in simultaneous process. In some cases the latter is in advance of the former, and a cornfield may be seen with its stooks standing in array and for its

neighbour a hay field that is even now being cut. Of course the meaning of it is only too obvious—that the treacherous weather has prevented the saving of a large percentage of one of the best hay crops that ever has been known. Two tons, and over, to the acre has been a yield not very unusual this year. Even as it is the amount of hay in the country will be very large—a blessed relief from the scarcity of recent years—but had Jupiter Pluvius been more kindly the Dominie's epithet would have been the only one for it—"prodeegious!"

Kew, which has so justified its existence as the head oracle of practical knowledge in the vegetable world that it is to be placed under the control of the Board of Agriculture, has had a minor but interesting success in the sphere of zoology. A pair of storks kept there made a nest and hatched three young ones. Dr. Gunther now writes to say that one of these has almost arrived at stork's estate, though the other two are dead. Kew and St. James's Park are now the established homes of the pelican and the cormorant. By adding the stork the Kew authorities may possibly be giving us a new resident bird, if other people are encouraged to make the experiment. Storks, though they visit us occasionally, never were a native breeding bird, as the spoonbill once was. But they might be induced to become settlers. Mr. Astley, whose experiments with these birds and cranes at Chequers Court formed part of the subject of a charming book, lately bred them repeatedly. But they were invariably shot on migration before leaving England.

THE THREE BEST HORSES OF THE YEAR

THE St. Leger is still

in the future, but few will deny that William III., winner of the Ascot Gold Cup, Ard Patrick, winner of the Derby, and Sceptre, the winner of the Oaks, Two Thousand, and One Thousand, are fully entitled to be considered the three best horses of the year, and we are fortunate in being able to give reproductions of their pictures by Mr. T. P. Earl. This talented artist, who inherits his skill from his father,

Mr. George Earl, has given special attention to painting horses, and has been particularly happy in catching the leading characteristics of three magnificent specimens of the thorough-bred, widely dissimilar in many respects, yet with a curious family likeness running through all three, which is not surprising when we remember that the blood of the Duke of Portland's great horse St. Simon is represented in all of them, William III. being his son, and the other two his grandsons, as will be seen by a glance at the full pedigrees annexed. All three represent at their best the crosses which scientific breeders have continually advocated, namely, the crossing of the blood of Galopin, through St. Simon, with that of Wisdom, as shown in the case of William III., that of Bend Or as in the case of Sceptre, and of Springfield as in the case of Ard Patrick.

William III. was bred by the Duke of Portland and is a symmetrical bay colt with great scope and power, on the best of legs and feet. In conformation he takes largely after his dam Gravity, who was a daughter of that good old horse Wisdom, belonging to the late Mr. Hoole, her dam Enigma being by The Rake out of The Sphinx. This pedigree is worthy



WILLIAM III., WINNER OF THE ASCOT GOLD CUP, 1902.

of careful consideration by breeders, for in it may be found the elements which have made William III. the great horse he undoubtedly is. The question of how a stayer should be bred and trained is one which has exercised the minds of racing men more than any other of recent years, and here we see an admirable example. The pedigree is full of staying blood, for there we find Stockwell and his own brother Ratanplan, both being by The Baron out of

that wonderful mare Pocahontas, the latter being also the grandam of St. Angela, the dam of St. Simon. On the distaff side Gravity, the dam of William III., is descended from Wild Dayrell and Newminster, while on both sides of the house we find the names of Birdcatcher and Ion. It was small wonder that a colt bred on these lines should be able to gallop over a distance of ground. He was not overdone as a two year old, only appearing once under silk, when he ran second to a moderate horse, Exedo, in the Clearwell Stakes at the Second October Meeting. As a three year old he won five times out of seven starts, including the Wood Ditton and Newmarket Stakes, and the Hurst Park Lennox Stakes. In the Derby he ran second to Volodyovski. As a four year old he was specially prepared for the Ascot Gold Cup, and the masterly fashion in which he defeated a field of eleven, containing the previous year's winner, Santoi, Volodyovski, who beat him at Epsom, and a much-fancied French candidate, La Camargo, stamped him at once as a horse of quite the top class. So little was he upset by his race that he came out the next day and won the Alexandra Plate, carrying the heavy impost of 9st. 10lb. over a three-mile

course without any apparent effort. He holds engagements in the Lowther Stakes at the Second October Meeting and in the Limekiln Stakes at the Houghton Meeting at Newmarket.

PEDIGREE OF WILLIAM III.

WILLIAM THE THIRD (1898)	ST. SIMON (1881)	Galopin (1872)	Vedette (1854)	Voltaire (1826)
			Mrs. Ridgway (1849)	Martha Lynn (1837)
			Flying Duchess (1853)	Birdcatcher (1833)
		St. Angela (1865)	King Tom (1851)	Nan Darrell (1844)
			Adeline (1851)	Bay Middleton (1833)
				Barbelle (1836)
	GRAVITY (1884)	Wisdom (1873)	Little Fairy (1841)	Voltaire (1826)
				Velocipede's dam (1817)
				Economist (1825)
		Aline (1862)	Rataplan (1850)	Fanny Dawson (1823)
			Queen Mary (1843)	Glencoe (1833)
			Stockwell (1849)	Marpessa (1830)
Enigma (1872)	The Rake (1864)	Enigma (1872)	Jeu d'Esprit (1852)	Cain (1822)
			Wild Dayrell (1852)	Margaret (1824)
			England's Beauty (1850)	Hornsea (1834)
			Newminster (1848)	Lacerta (1825)
			Madame Stolare (1850)	The Baron (1842)
				Pocahontas (1837)
Enigma (1872)	The Sphinx (1865)	Enigma (1872)		Gladiator (1833)
				Plenipotentiary m. (1840)
				The Baron (1842)
				Pocahontas (1837)
				Flatcatcher (1845)
				Extempore (1840)

The success of St. Simon blood when mated with Springfield mares is proverbial, and probably Morganette, the dam of Galtee More and Ard Patrick, is the best Springfield mare in existence; so that it was only fitting that Mr. Gubbins's colt should win the Derby. A massive brown colt with immense depth and power behind the saddle, up to any amount of weight, he reminds one in some respects of his grandsire Springfield. Though about the expression of face and the way of carrying the head he bears some resemblance to St. Simon, it is evident that he inherits largely the characteristics of his dam. The untimely death of St. Florian was a sad loss to Mr. Gubbins, for this son of St. Simon and Palmflower had already showed his value as a sire before Ard Patrick's success shed lustre on his name. Here again we find staying blood in Wild Dayrell and his son Buccaneer, while speed is represented by Madame Eglantine, by Cowl, a son of Crucifix, out of Diversion. This same strain is represented in Morganette, her grandam, Morgan la Faye, being by Cowl out of Miami, by Venison, another noted stayer, out of Diversion. Pocahontas also is represented twice through Stockwell and King Tom.

Ard Patrick made his first appearance at Kempton last October, when he beat Royal Lancer by a head in the Imperial

Produce Stakes. After winning the Clearwell Stakes from the Abeyance filly, he finished his two year old career by running second to Game Chick in the Dewhurst Plate. In the early part of this season there can be no doubt that Ard Patrick was not anything like wound up, and he was easily defeated by Sceptre and Pistol in the Two Thousand. In the May Three Year Old Plate at Kempton he was attempting a very severe task in giving a lot of weight away to Royal Ivy. In the Newmarket Stakes there was a bumping match, and though Ard Patrick finished first the race was awarded to Fowling Piece.

The greatest interest was excited when Sceptre and Ard Patrick met once more in the Derby. Whether Sceptre was herself that day may be doubted, but that the winner was a vastly different horse from what he was at Newmarket cannot be denied, and he carried the unshaken confidence of all his connections. In the hands of Martin he ran as straight as the proverbial gun barrel, and had Sceptre fairly disposed of before the distance, winning in comfort from Rising Glass and fifteen others.

After adding to his laurels at Ascot, knee troubles supervened, and have seriously interfered with his preparation for the St. Leger, but his clever trainer has not abandoned all hope of bringing him to the post fit and well. In that case, the contest between him and Sceptre will be of absorbing interest, even without the intervention of the Irish-trained candidate, St. Brendan.

PEDIGREE OF ARD PATRICK.

ARD PATRICK (1899)	ST. FLORIAN (1891)	Galopin (1872)	Vedette (1854)	Voltaire (1826)
			Flying Duchess (1853)	Mrs. Ridgway (1849)
			King Tom (1851)	F. Dutchman (1846)
		St. Angela (1865)	Adeline (1851)	Meropie (1841)
				Harkaway (1844)
				Pocahontas (1837)
	MORGANETTE (1884)	Palmflower (1874)	Little Fairy (1841)	Ion (1835)
			Weatherbit (1843)	Madame Stolare (1850)
			Mendicant (1843)	
		Springfield (1873)	Cowl (1842)	
			Diversion (1838)	
			Wild Dayrell (1852)	
MORGANETTE (1884)	Lady Morgan (1865)	Morgan la Faye (1852)	Little Red Rover m. (1853)	
			Warlock (1853)	
			Leila (1852)	
			Stockwell (1849)	
			The Baron (1842)	
			Pocahontas (1837)	

Of Sceptre much has been written in these columns and elsewhere. Her career has been an extraordinary one, and it is impossible as yet to pronounce a final verdict upon her, but that she is a most remarkable mare none can deny. From her configuration and from her temperament she appears to resemble her mighty grandsire, St. Simon, more than do either William III. or Ard Patrick. Like them, her pedigree exhibits a marvellous concurrence of speed and stamina. Here, again, we find the blood of Stockwell and of his mighty dam Pocahontas represented in the lines of Doncaster, Hermione the dam of Perdita II., through St. Albans, and through King Tom. The mating of St. Simon with Perdita II., the daughter of Hampton, is one of the most remarkable in its results of anything in modern times, Florizel II., Diamond Jubilee, and Persimmon being the result. In choosing Persimmon as a sire to whom to send Ornament, a worthy representative of the line of Doncaster, much discernment was shown by the late Duke of



ARD PATRICK, WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1902.

Westminster. That Sceptre should be a somewhat nervous, highly-strung mare is what might have been expected when one sees that Ornament is descended from the excitable Agnes family. Excitability is also characteristic of the St. Simon blood. That Sceptre should be a mare quite out of the common was inevitable when we find four such horses as Galopin, Hampton, Doncaster, and Macaroni in the third remove. The sensational bidding which occurred before she was knocked down to the bid of Mr. R. Sievier for £10,000 at the sale of the late Duke of Westminster's stud, the sensational deal when Mr. Sievier's other purchase, Duke of Westminster, was passed on to Mr. Faber at a fabulous price, have been recounted again and again. Her sensational successes at Newmarket, in the Oaks at Epsom, at Ascot, and at Goodwood, together with her equally sensational defeats in the Derby, at Ascot, in France, and at Goodwood, are fresh in the memory of everyone. All these, and the known fact that she is not an easy mare either to train or ride, make the public look with more than usual interest and curiosity for her next appearance at Doncaster.

PEDIGREE OF SCEPTRE.

SCEPTRE (1899)	PERSIMMON (1893)	St. Simon (1881)	Galopin (1872)	Vedette (1854)	Voltigeur (1847)
			St. Angela (1865)	Flying Duchess (1853)	Mrs. Ridgway (1849)
		Percia II. (1881)	Hampton (1872)	King Tom (1851)	Flying Dutchman (1846)
			Hermione (1875)	Adeline (1851)	Merope (1841)
				Lord Cluden (1860)	Harkaway (1834)
	ORNAMENT (1887)	Band Or (1877)	Doncaster (1870)	Lady Langden (1868)	Pocahontas (1837)
			Rouge Rose (1865)	Y. Melbourne (1855)	Ion (1835)
		Lily Agnes (1871)	Macaroni (1860)	La Belle Helene (1866)	Little Fairy (1832)
			Polly Agnes (1865)	Stockwell (1849)	Newminster (1848)
				Marigold (1860)	The Slave (1852)
				Thornaby (1857)	Kettledrum (1858)
				Ellen Horne (1844)	Haricot (1847)
				Sweetmeat (1842)	Melbourne (1834)
				Jocose (1846)	Clarissa (1846)
				The Cure (1841)	St. Albans (1857)
				Miss Agnes (1850)	Teterrima (1859)
					The Baron (1842)
					Pocahontas (1837)
					Teddington (1848)
					Sis. to Singapore (1852)



WITH Cirencester and Rugby the polo season practically closes. Other sports attract us more, and those who love cub-hunting, the most picturesque sport of our day, will soon be able to gratify their desire for horse and hound. Last week the coming of the Coronation holiday and the duty which lies on everyone interested in polo pony breeding to go to Tring Show obliged me to leave off in the middle of the story of the Rugby tournament. This week I am constrained to be brief in my notes on Rugby, because it will be such ancient history by the time it is printed. Nevertheless it would not do to leave it out of the annals of the season's polo. There is peculiar charm about the Rugby tournament, because there all the polo friends meet for the last time before scattering to their various autumn and winter pursuits. Spring Hill and Spring Hill Farm came together in the final, and the former team—Mr. Walter Jones, Mr. G. A. Miller, Mr. E. B. Sheppard, and



SCEPTRE, WINNER OF THE OAKS, 1902.

Captain Thynne—having gained in combination, as well as being better mounted, while their opponents had rather gone off, won the match and the tournament on Friday. The rain came down heavily for the greater part of the day. This made the ground very heavy. I think, as noted above, that Spring Hill were always rather the stronger team. But Captain E. D. Miller played so good a game and captained his team with such skill that he managed to make the match an even one for half the time. But the fourth ten showed that Spring Hill were really the stronger team, and when Captain Thynne went up into the game and found the way to the goal open, the game was practically over. Then Spring Hill began to show that they had the upper hand, although their superiority was concealed by the resolute pluck with which their opponents played. To anyone not familiar with the game the result might well have seemed in doubt to the very last. In any case it was a fine struggle, only marred by the adverse weather and worthy of the final of a Rugby Cup. On Saturday the final of the handicap tournament was played. Colonel Remington, who had been playing as back in the D Team with something of his old skill, was absent. As will be seen, a very excellent substitute was found. The two teams left in were B—Comte de Madre, Messrs. F. and J. Hargreaves, and W. McCreery—and D—Messrs. H. Drage, R. Court, F. J. Mackey, and Captain E. D. Miller. It was a capital game, not perhaps as fast as the final of the tournament, but then the ground was rather inclined to be lumpy after the rain and the week's play. Nor had the sides quite the same unity. The two Messrs. Hargreaves, playing skilfully into each other's hands, were a great source of strength to B Team, while Mr. Mackey was at his best with Captain Miller behind him. Between these four the game was fought out. There was an almost bewildering rapidity of attack and repulse, and the scores mounted up rapidly, always, however, keeping even, nor was it till just before the close of the hour that D hit the winning goal. Thus that team gained the handicap by 7 goals to 6.

Generally, of course, the Saturday spectators at Rugby have two finals to look at. This year there was but one. Yet they did not lose much, for a very fine match had been arranged. Taking the wet weather into consideration and the state of the ground, it was wonderful that the game was as good as it was. But, of course, the sides were strong—Stockton House: Messrs. W. Holden, F. M. Freake, F. Ellison, and W. Backmaster; and Rugby: Mr. J. Drage, Major Ansell, Mr. G. A. Miller, and Mr. E. B. Sheppard. Major Ansell will be remembered as the hard-hitting forward player of the old Inniskilling team, and his presence gave an added interest to a brilliant match. The game was won by Stockton House; but what matters the score when we are treated to first-class polo? Mr. Freake was at his best, galloping and hitting in that brilliant style which is independent of weather or ground. When in form nothing seems to stop him, and when he is off his play nothing helps him. So he shot out in the first period for a galloping goal. Then Major Ansell was away by himself for a run, and we saw that he was the same clean hard hitter he used to be. He placed the ball well, but the man who followed him hit it against the post and it cannoned off the wrong side. As far as scoring was concerned Stockton had much the best of it, for Mr. Freake was not to be denied, and he could not do wrong when once in possession of the ball. The Rugby defence was perhaps not quite strong enough, but among the eight men there was no regular back player, and Mr. G. A. Miller was the least bit off his play. He is not an extraordinarily strong man, and had had a good week's work.

In the interval of the tournament matches had come the Tring Show on Thursday. I am not going into details, but this much may be said: It was an opportunity for seeing the best playing ponies in the world and then of looking over some of the best animals that are being bred during the same week. How important it is that attention should be devoted to this subject has often been pointed out in these columns, and the victory over the American team has been ascribed largely to the superiority of English ponies in breeding, pace, and training. And considering the prices paid for really good ponies, probably it is the most remunerative form of horse raising at present. It is quite clear that the breeders are on the right lines. If Mr. Montefiore's

Rosebud and Au'ocrat, if Miss Standish's Rupert, and the Keynsham Stud's Royal Flight and Oh My II., are not of polo pony stamp, I do not know what is. Fine quality, sufficient bone, and riding shoulders marked them all.

These animals are suitable to breed ponies of the right stamp, for, like many other prize-winners, they will be absorbed into the stud farms of their owners. Miss Standish particularly must be congratulated on Rupert. Taking an Exmoor as foundation stock she crossed this with an Arab, and from a filly named Queenie bred Rupert, by Rosewater, Sir Walter Gilbey's famous pony, which, by the way, has now retired from the show-ring.

There are few more pleasantly placed polo grounds than Cirencester, and last week the members of the club worked off their tournament; unluckily the weather was against them, and the gymkhana and race-meeting fixed for Thursday was stopped by heavy rain and a thunder-storm. The ground itself suffers perhaps as little as any from play after heavy rain, the sound old turf of Lord Bathurst's park soon recovering its smoothness and elasticity. The entries were good, no less than eight teams appearing in the first ties; moreover, the semi-finals were marked by a really fine match between Siddington—Messrs. W. Burdon, H. Rich, R. Barker, and J. Adamthwaite—and Coxwell House—Mr. G. Mason, Comte de Madre, Mr. G. A. Miller, and Captain Thynne.

Mr. George Miller has had a hard season, and was scarcely up to his usual form. This is not to say that he did not play sound polo, but that he could not quite do all that was required of him. On the other hand, Mr. Adamthwaite is a strong No. 4; his back-handed strokes are well timed and effective, and he knows how to keep the ball up to his forwards. Mr. H. Rich has kept all the dash he had when he played in the winning team of the County Cup at Hurlingham two years ago. He keeps the resolution which I feel sure he always makes to play in his place better than he did. So keen was he in his early days that he played, after fairly warming to his work, what the Americans call a very open game. More steadiness was all he wanted to be a good player, for he rides well, has good ponies—some of them would be better for a little more schooling—and has a clean hard stroke that ought to give him a high place in the game. Siddington led up to the last period. Then Mr. Miller's tactics told, and at the last bell both sides were equal. The play in the extra time was a little wild, and two players were hurt. Mr. H. Rich took possession of the ball, and, hitting and galloping in good style and with excellent control, made the winning goal for his side.

I see that the American players are being interviewed. We shall be able to form a better judgment of the comparative excellence of American and English players when Mr. Buckmaster's team has paid its promised visit to America. My own feeling is that (*pace* Mr. F. Keene) the Messrs. Nickalls were better than the American forwards, and that our ponies were better schooled. The American pony has many good qualities, but he needs something more than the rough ranch training to fit him for English polo of the highest class.

There are, I believe, people who do not care for cub-hunting, but I am not one, and look forward to the early mornings with the entry and the cubs with keen anticipation. It is not very long to wait. The Quorn are to begin under their new huntsman next week. Tom Bishopp is one of the pleasantest of hunt servants, the best of kennel huntsmen, and the Grafton woodlands are a capital school. In the open where you can see your hounds and they know where you are, much horn is not wanted. Indeed, it might almost be said that the chief use of the horn in Leicestershire is to rouse the attention of a field too much given to coffee-housing at times. I have every reason to wish well to Bishopp, and I shall look forward to seeing the Quorn hounds regain the prestige they have somewhat lost of late years, both in the kennel and the field. The Pychley are looking forward to a *regime* of sport, splendour, and fashion under Lord Annaly. The new Master starts with a fine stud of horses and a good huntsman who knows the country. Yet I cannot help feeling a lingering affection for the old *regime*. Mr. Wroughton made a wonderful pack of hounds, he was very keen, and very seldom disappointed his field, however unpromising the weather. His fault was that he did not hunt the less favoured portions of the country quite so much as they needed. Yet absolutely fair drawing of coverts and the killing of foxes are two very important paths to success for an M.F.H.



THE Kempton Meeting was as usual well attended and the course in the very best possible order, thanks partly to a few showers which had fallen, but largely to the excellent arrangements by which the whole track can be efficiently watered in dry weather. Nothing conduces more to sport than the keeping of a course in good condition, for owners and trainers are naturally unwilling to risk valuable animals on hard ground. For most of the events fields ruled large, and sport was of the most interesting description. M. Cannon led off by winning the Hanworth Park Maiden Plate on the Noble Countess filly, thus giving backers a much-needed good turn at the beginning. They were again in luck when Captain Forester's Bourton Hill won the Vauxhall Selling Plate. This old horse, the winner of many races in his time, had not been seen out much lately, and on Tuesday he ran in bandages, and at auction he passed to Mr. G. H. Barnes for 150 guineas. In the International Breeders' Two Year Old Stakes Hammerkop was set to carry the immense weight of 9st. 7lb., and most people, thinking she would be unequal to the effort, put their money on Pitch Dark, who had won a race in very good style and created a very favourable impression at Liverpool. Six to four was the price quoted against Pitch Dark, while 11 to 2 was obtainable about Major Eustace Loder's filly. The latter got a good start next the rails, and won all the way by three-quarters of a length from the Haydock Park winner, Sizerg, the favourite being third, a length and a-half away. This was a very good performance, and stamps the winner as one of the best two year olds of the season, for she was giving 11lb. to both the second and third. Hammerkop is by Gallinule out of Concussion, her two grandams being half sisters, viz., Moorhen, who was by Hermit out of Sister to Rhysworth, and Astwith, who was by Wenlock out of Sister to Rhysworth. She is much inbred to Stockwell, not only through Sister to Rhysworth, but also through

Isola Bella, Isonomy's dam, and Thunderbolt. She is also inbred to Newminster through Hermit and Lord Clifden.

In the August Handicap Plate, Captain Purefoy was able to back Cappa White at 5 to 1, and presumably recovered some of the money lost over him earlier in the season. As they came up the straight the favourite, College Queen, looked like winning, but both Cappa White and Biddo shot out, and after a desperately fought out finish victory rested with the first-named by a head. In the last two races backers were again all at sea, as Belmeath started almost friendless in the Apprentices' Plate, and in the Shepperton Handicap the heavy odds on Cerillo were upset.

The chief event set for decision on Wednesday was the City of London Breeders' Foal Plate, which resulted in a walk over, which is the more extraordinary as there was £200 for the second and £50 for the third horse. There was nothing in the race to beat St. Windeline, but it is very strange that there should have been no one to take the second and third moneys. The successes of St. Windeline continue to draw attention to the wisdom of mating Springfield mares with St. Simon.

A good deal of excitement was caused by the dead-heat between Sir Richard Waldie Griffith's Vittel and Castlewise in the Princess's Plate. The rider of Castlewise lodged an objection for bumping, but it was promptly overruled. In the run-off Vittel led throughout, and won by two lengths with great ease. How unreliable in many cases is the clock was shown in this race, for whereas in the first heat the leaders fought out a desperate finish, in the decider the winner won in a canter by two lengths, and it was commonly said that Castlewise refused to make any effort, yet the clock only gave one-fifth of a second as the difference between the two times.

Backers had a rather unfortunate day, several prominent favourites going down, but they picked up again a little when Debutante, in the Maiden Plate, repeated her Newmarket victory, disposing of the opposition in a canter; and Captain Kettle did his friends a good turn when he won the Sunbury Handicap from a good field, including The Bishop, Amoret II., and Moneyspinner, starting at 7 to 2.

Much comment has been excited by the resignation of the official starter, Captain Coventry. No reason is assigned for this, but it is known that much discussion on the question of starting and the starting-gate has been going on for some time past. That Captain Coventry should have felt called on to resign a position which he has held since 1890 to the general satisfaction, will be the subject of universal regret among racing men, with whom he has always been deservedly popular.

The office of starter is a thankless one, almost as bad as that of handicapper. When things go smoothly nobody dreams of praising the starter, while if anything goes wrong everybody is prepared to blame him. The duties are, moreover, much more arduous than most people believe, and on a course like Newmarket the starter has to ride some ten or more miles each afternoon. From the time the saddling bell rings for the first race until the last race is over his duties are never-ending, while they entail an amount of responsibility which it would be difficult to over-estimate. Previous to his relieving Lord Marcus Beresford of the duties of starter Mr. Coventry had had a long and successful career as a gentleman rider, both across a country and on the flat. He made his *début* in 1874 at Croxton Park in the Billesdon Coplow Stakes, making his first win the same year at Worcester in a flat race. Like most riders who have attained any eminence, he took the trouble to get himself well taught, and for that purpose put himself under the able tuition of Mr. T. Cannon. His position as starter did not entirely preclude Mr. Coventry from taking part in racing as a rider, and only so lately as two years ago he rode for Lord Durham in the Granby Handicap at Croxton Park, when he steered Polycrates to victory.

A considerable number of horses were sold by Mr. Stevens during the intervals of racing, no less than seventy-four lots being offered, but as they were not of very high class, prices were, as a rule, low, though some provoked considerable competition, notably Gyp, who was bought by R. Sherwood for Captain the Hon. W. R. Wyndham, who is still in South Africa with his regiment. Gyp will doubtless join the stud which Captain Wyndham is getting together in Ireland, and will, in the first instance, be mated with Lord Dunraven's horse Desmond, who stands at the Adare Stud in County Limerick.

The *Calendar* contains a large number of names of young stock, but one looks in vain for any really happy efforts of naming. The present regulations as to naming racing stock are far from satisfactory. There is, of course, no necessity to name a horse, but when once a name is registered there it remains, and no one else can use it until they can show the original horse to be dead. When one comes to think of the hundreds of horses with registered names who go out of training every year and are relegated to cab work without ever having seen a race-course, and without the possibility of being used for breeding, it does seem a pity that there should be no means of clearing their names off the Stud Book, so that the same names might be available for someone else to use. No one who has not tried to fit names to a string of young horses can have any idea of the extreme difficulty of hitting upon anything original.

The entries for a good many of the Nursery Handicaps are now out, and the weights are eagerly looked for. As some of the early handicaps are over distances of six and seven furlongs and one of a mile, the names are worth looking through, as they form an index of the owners' estimate as to the staying power of their two year olds. It is satisfactory to see that the entries for the longer distance races are very good, and it is to be hoped that some stayers will be found amongst them.

The Great Yorkshire Handicap has secured an entry of 40, amongst whom there are a number of good horses, such as Osboch, Port Blair, The Bishop, Rambling Katie, Balsarroch, Carabine, and Mount Prospect, so that there is the material for a very interesting race.

The Portland Plate has secured an entry of fifty-four, amongst whom may be noticed Sterling Balm, Glass Jug, Bridge, Mauvezin, and Lord Bobs. Seventy entries have been received for the Duke of York Stakes at Kempton, and class is well represented among them by Volodyovski, Black Sam, Epsom Lad, The Solicitor, Ballantrae, St. Maclou, Glass Jug, Santoi, Cupbearer, Flying Lemur, and O'Donoghue.

Our friends across the Channel are busy with their races near seaside resorts, and I am glad to hear that the rumour industriously circulated a few days ago that Ard Patrick would not run at Doncaster has been contradicted. The busybodies who circulate these unfounded tales do more harm than they think, for the credulous act upon them, to their great loss. The actual withdrawal of a horse like Ard Patrick from an important race would naturally affect the market, and when a little gamble is done over the rumour no one except the ring is the better and many are the worse for it.

MENDIP.

SOME NEW AMERICAN ROSES.

OF the many new specimens of roses which have lately been produced in America, the most interesting, probably, is the Alice Roosevelt rose, which was obtained by Mr. Benjamin Durfee, president of the American Rose Company. It is an offshoot of Mme. Abel Chatenay, which has been deservedly popular for some years. Mme. Abel Chatenay is a silvery pink and Alice Roosevelt a deep glowing pink. The buds are unusually graceful and perfectly formed, and the full-grown flower is as perfect as the opening bud.

This beautiful rose obtained a certificate of merit from the judges at the recent exhibition of the National Rose Society at the Waldorf Hotel in New York. After he had discovered the new variety, Mr. Durfee wrote to President Roosevelt asking permission to name the new flower after his eldest daughter, which request was granted, and amongst his treasures the grower cherishes a dainty little note from Miss Roosevelt thanking him for giving the exquisite flower her name. A month or two ago the flower was registered at the headquarters of the National Society of American Rose Growers in Boston, and has therefore become a *bonâ fide* strain.

The new rose has already figured at many notable events. Huge baskets of it adorned the private car which carried Prince



ROSE IVORY.

Another new rose for 1902 which is creating a sensation is the Mrs. Oliver Ames, named after the wife of the ex-Governor of Massachusetts. It is a pink rose, from the Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, and possessing the same vigorous habit, fine glossy foliage of deep green, erect stout stem, and even more free-flowering qualities. The flowers are very full and large, averaging 4in. in diameter when in perfection. The colour is a lovely soft blush, with a little deeper shading in the centre and on the edges of the petals, and a delicate tint of yellow at the



ROSE ALICE ROOSEVELT.

Henry across the great continent. The same fragrant blossoms were sent to the cabin of the Deutschland when he sailed away from New York to Germany. In speaking of the new flower to the writer, Mr. Durfee said: "There is no disputing the fact that the Alice Roosevelt is an ideal rose for decorating purposes. Never before has a pink rose possessed such hardiness, fragrance, and immunity from climatic influence as the Alice Roosevelt enjoys. The La France rose is fragrant and exquisite; but there are months when no care, no science, no perseverance can force a bloom on the stem. There are times when the colour becomes as muddy as that of a malarial patient, and at other times the beautiful pink fades to a sickly flesh colour. The same was true of the Catherine Mermet rose, whereas the Alice Roosevelt, on the contrary, deepens in colour during the winter months, and loses nothing in fragrance or in contour."

Another new rose is the Ivory. It is so new, in fact, that it has only just been placed upon the American market. There is no more beautiful white rose in existence. It is like Carrara marble, of exquisite texture, and a genuine tea rose of delicious fragrance. This rose has already secured in America at exhibitions a gold medal, two silver medals, and over a dozen certificates of merit. It is a blue-blooded American rose, with a pedigree of aristocratic lineage.



ROSE MRS. OLIVER AMES.

base of the petals, making it the most beautiful of all the delicate-coloured roses. Its keeping qualities, too, are unsurpassed. In short, it is an ideal rose in size, colour, form, stem, foliage, and free-flowering qualities. It has taken five large silver medals, also a gold medal and seven certificates of merit.

On December 31st last a box of these roses was shipped from the United States to this country, and ten days later were received in London in fine condition. It is interesting here to note that it is the American florists' intention to enter into competition with the English rose-grower, and already American roses have been seen upon the English market. At the beginning of this year a well-known American firm sent a large consignment of delicate roses to London to see whether the flowers would stand the strain of transportation. They were packed in wooden boxes, with a central compartment filled with ice to keep them cool, and were

placed in the fruit-room on the vessel, where a temperature of 40deg. was maintained. It was found that the flowers kept their delicate bloom for thirty days.

The success of this experiment has undoubtedly awakened the cupidity of the American rose-grower, and at the moment more than one noted firm are making arrangements to supply roses for the London market. The American Rose Company of Washington are now prepared to supply cut roses of all descriptions to the London trade. It should be remembered, however, that it is impossible for the United States to compete with the outdoor English rose. It is in their hothouse flowers that they gain a distinct pull over those grown in this country, for they are far and away larger and handsomer.

H. J. SHEPSTONE.

[Prudence, the result of past experience, and no disrespect for our contributor, compels the warning statement that "new American roses" are not always a complete novelty in this effete old country.—Ed.]

NORMANDY FISHER-FOLK.—II.

THE types that one sees among these Norman fishers dispose one to a whimsical wonder whether there is any connection between their facial complexion and their consumption of the cider apple. It is a most charming country, this fair Normandy, in the springtime, especially in the time of apple blossom, for that, too, is the time of the daffodil bloom, so that every orchard is a mass of rosy-tinted snow above, and in many places in the woods there is a waving carpet of the daffodils, under-foot or knee-high, that makes one wish Wordsworth were alive again to see it and put it into simplest and most eloquent verse. The complexion of these Normans, of either sex, is so like that of the ripened apple at the middle age—brown and ruddy—and then again, at an older age, it is so like that of an aged, withered apple, with wrinkles innumerable, yet always with a look of abounding and vigorous health. The cider does not seem to make for rheumatism in their blood. Perhaps it is a mistake to lay this worst and most frequent of country-folks' ills to its charge. You may take your choice. Behind one brass doorplate in Harley Street sits an oracle that will tell you cider is the most rheumatic drink in Christendom, behind the next a member of the same infallible faculty that will tell you it is the best thing for rheumatism, my dear sir, in the world. The Normans are good advertisements of the latter oracle's faith. It is true, the conditions of life (excepting the possibility of shipwreck) are more favourable to a vigorous health than the conditions under which most of those who consult the faculty in Harley Street struggle through this vale of tears. The



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LOOKING OUT FOR THE BOATS.

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Norman type of face, in its moral significance, is eminently a good one, expressing a strength of will, a simplicity, and yet sufficient shrewdness in such affairs as come within its restricted outlook on modern life.

There is a lesson that all sailor men have to learn, according to the dictum of a humorous observer, and that is to sit still all day in an uncomfortable position and think of nothing. Often it would seem as if these Normans, least volatile of the races of France, had learnt it to a passing perfection, for sometimes you may see them so sitting, or leaning, by the hour together, with hardly any more violent movement of the muscles than is needed for the simple purposes of sucking the pipe or expectorating the tobacco juice. Whether they be thinking of nothing, or of something, one cannot say, but there is little about them to suggest that their thoughts are active. This is one mood of the Norman fisher. There is another mood in which he is immensely voluble (a Gascon himself hardly could be more so), pouring out stories of the sea, stories of his woes, of his loves, his triumphs, his defeats, his enemies, and his friends, in an eloquence that seems as if only the lack of audience ever could give it cessation. It is to be said, too, that whereas the former mood, of a long-suffering silence (as of a "broody" hen), would seem to be the peculiar possession of the male fisher, the latter mood, the voluble (as of the hen who has laid an egg and needs must cackle of it to everyone), is shared to the fullest by the fisherwomen also. Immense gossips, interminable are these good dames; and an uncommon close acquaintance does it need with the patois



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THE CATCH.

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OFF TO THE FISHING.

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to follow out into all its swift surprises the ramblings of their volubility.

Although at times they talk so much, they quarrel extremely seldom; and this is singular. It is hard to say so much and not say things that are offensive, or that may become a cause of offence when repeated to the good friend whom you and your gossip for the moment have under criticism. But perhaps they do not repeat. Perhaps that most mischief-making vice of a small nature has been blown away from them, as it seems that all things small and mean must be, by the splendid and breezy life that they lead. One does not know, but one hopes that it is so; and there seems to be ground for the hope in their abounding good nature and cheeriness. There might be occasions for dispute, too, one would think, in the sorting out of the fish, the settling of what belongs to whom—who should have this glorious specimen of the haddock to hawk round for sale, and so on. And the din that arises from the throng of shrill-voiced fisherwomen at this time might well lead one to think that they were at the very crisis of a quarrel. It is Homeric. But, after all, there is more laughter in it than wrath. It is just a letting off of a natural volubility—blank cartridge, without any death-dealing missile.

The strong attraction and sympathy that we of Great Britain, undoubtedly, as it seems, feel towards the Norman people and to all things that are Norman, arise, it may be, from that remote racial bond which, of course, exists between us, but more likely, perhaps, from a recognition in them of certain qualities of strength and sincerity that we are fond of regarding as typically British. After all, these may be but two ways of saying the same thing. It well may be that the qualities which we admire in the Normans, and which we believe ourselves to possess, are a common inheritance from our common stock. Heredity is a fashionable doctrine of the time. Let us be content to see an instance of its workings here. Perhaps amongst other things that the Normans gave us must be reckoned the perfection of what was our principal national weapon for many years—the longbow, which did such execution in English hands against some races of France at Poitiers, Cressy, and other famous battles. When William the Norman came conquering us, it was an arrow in the eye of Harold, from a Norman bow drawn very much at a venture, as we may suppose, that did a deal in modifying history. It is quaint to think that a great many things might have happened so differently if a puff of air had deflected that shaft but an inch or two. This is a vein of philosophising quite worthy of our good Norman fisher friend in his mood of reflective silence.

There is a part of the British dominions, namely, the Channel Islands, which once pertained to the Duchy of Normandy, in which the customary-law of Normandy still runs. It is from this

source that they have the Cry of Haro—not yet wholly obsolete in the islands.

I have spoken too much as if the sardine were not known off these northern shores of France—that was in a former article, in which mention was made of the women's toil in sorting the nets when the men came in from fishing. In the rivers such as the Rance (which really is a Brittany, not a Normandy, river) they have a curious net for sardine catching. It is worked by a wheel, which lets down into the water a net at the end of a long crane-like shaft, then wheels it up again—full of sardines. That at least is the ideal, which sometimes is realised. The English visitor at the watering-places of this coast should not fail to make some of these river trips into the heart of the country. They are full of beauty and pleasant variety. You may pay 5fr. (at least, that used to be a very customary fee), and this will admit the whole of your company (to any reasonable number) into the cherry orchards at the cherry-ripe time, and there, for this moderate expense, you may eat till you feel as if you never could care to look a cherry in the face again. It is not etiquette to take away any with you—except those that are stowed inter-

nally—at this rate of payment, but you seldom will feel that you are the loser by the contract when you leave. There is a delightful later time, long after the cherries are done, when the delicious Marie Louise pears come to their ripeness. And of course there are apples. It is an apple region *par excellence*.

When you go into the country, and see the houses of these people, you wonder no longer that they do not seem in the least troubled in the nostrils by the savours of their fishing boats, by the cleaning of the fish, and so forth. There is a pleasant friendliness and homeliness

about the aspect of their dwellings, and the houses seem clean, but they do—beyond doubt they do—become obvious to more senses than one. It is very friendly and very homely to have the family pig an inmate of the room that is your parlour, your kitchen, and the bedroom of several of the household all in one. It is friendly, and we have to believe, from the evidence of vigorous health that everything about these Normans shows, that it is salubrious; but no doubt it is rather a full-flavoured way of life. To be sure,

it is not always thus, but it is so so often that it soon will be no surprise to you to find a large pig greeting you in the doorway as soon as you open the door. You begin to accept the good animal as a natural family friend. The clever way that most of the family stow themselves in their sleeping berths is pleasant. Beds are rather the exception. Commonly the people sleep on shelves in the wall—shelves made of good oak, as a rule. They are like berths on ship-board, and generally they have a decent curtain that pulls across on the outside, as we see them in the wagon-lits, or sleeping carriages,



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FILLING THE BASKETS.

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A YARN.

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on the trains of the Continent. Fine oak figures largely in the domestic furniture of the Norman houses. From the Brittany side I think the collectors, professional and amateur, have gathered pretty nearly all that is good which the people are willing to part with. The peasants are jealous of their possessions, and some of them are very well to do. On the Norman side they have parted with fewer of their fine bits of furniture, but they stick to them with a manlier pride and also with less need of the money that their sale might bring. One may look and admire, but one is seldom allowed to buy. It is quite as it should be. It is horrid, robbing people of their ancestral possessions, and we have the greater respect for those who do not let themselves be robbed. The Norman distinctly is a person to respect.



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GOSSIPS.

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very carefully prepared, and liberal treatment given as regards liquid manure during the growing season.

ROSE NOTES.

A Fragrant Golden Yellow Rose.—To possess a rich golden colour and a powerful fragrance in one variety is a most valuable combination, and it is well exemplified in Mme. Ravary, a variety destined to hold foremost rank among our Hybrid Teas. There is not the least suspicion of delicacy in growth, for it makes wood as strong and thick as a Hybrid Perpetual, no mean trait in a variety of its colour, which is even more intense than Mme. Chauvey. We shall be much surprised if this Rose does not rank equal to Mme. Hoste as a decorative kind, and although the latter is not to be

surpassed in its particular shade of pale lemon yellow, Mme. Ravary will be much sought after owing to the richness and size of its flowers. Every grower, both of indoor plants and for the garden, should make a point of securing the variety this season.

Hebe's Lip and Bardou Job.—Where practicable, Roses of every type should be so grouped that they make effective contrasts. Bardou Job is well known as one of our most brilliant semi-double Roses, and of all the new comers not one can approach its glorious colour, but Hebe's Lip is perhaps less grown, simply because it happens to be an older variety. It is true there is no autumnal display as with Bardou Job, but for June effect the two might well be associated together. The exquisite blooms of Hebe's Lip, consisting of two rows of petals, are ivory white in colour, faintly edged on the outer row of petals with a lovely pink, which, combined with the golden stamens, make up a lovely flower. In a round bed a group of Bardou Job, supported by 3 ft. or 4 ft. stakes, and an edging of Hebe's Lip, kept lower by pruning or pegging down, would please the most fastidious in point of beautiful blending of colour. The latter Rose apparently belongs to the Rosa Damascena tribe, judging from its growth.

Gardenia (Hybrid wichuriana).—The remarkable variations occurring in seedling Roses from seed cross fertilised make this branch of the Rose grower's business a most delightful one. The amateur who has time and means at his disposal can know nothing of the real pleasure such an occupation affords, or we should hear of many embarking in the work. It is the delightful garden Roses from which most divergent results will come. The variety Gardenia sprang from Rosa wichuriana, crossed with Perle des Jardins; the latter has inherited all its rich golden colour, and also given a little more than a semi-double flower. The flowers are produced singly, not in trusses, so that we have a really fine Tea-like bud; add to this a most vigorous, if slender growth, and it will be easily seen how valuable such a Rose must become. It appears to be perfectly hardy, plants in a procumbent form having been left quite unprotected these last two winters, but, of course, they have not yet had a severe test. Such Roses as Jersey Beauty, Evergreen Gem, and the above will be as much planted on arches and pergolas as they will be on banks and roteries. There is a new Rambler Rose, Gardeniaflora, that must not be confounded with the above.

Killarney.—This exquisite Hybrid Tea becomes more popular every year. What a depth of petal is there in the glorious buds, and how magnificent are the almost single expanded flowers! Then, again, the fresh tint of colouring, pale pink, merging almost to bluish white, is so distinct, although there are dozens of pink varieties.

FRUIT TREES FOR COTTAGE WALLS.

"G. H." writes: "I have often deplored the tremendous amount of wasted wall space noticeable in the country that might be put to such a useful purpose if covered with fruit trees. Why is it? Considering how profitable a well-trained Plum, Cherry, Pear, or Apricot undoubtedly is, I have put the question to many a cottager, and have pointed to his bare walls, and shown how much more beautiful and profitable they might be. But the cottager has his answer ready. He urges that the few shillings required to buy a trained tree is a consideration when there is a family to be provided for. Further, he is only a weekly tenant, and circumstances may arise any time through which he will, perhaps, have to move; and the security is not sufficient for him to invest much of his little capital in fruit trees which the next tenant may reap the benefit of. It is easy to talk to him about compensation, but the average cottager does not understand much about it, and, perhaps, thinks it is a weak post to lean on. So the trees are not bought, and the walls remain bare, unsightly, and unprofitable. It has often occurred to me that the owners of cottages might do something in the way of planting trees, which would help their tenants and make the property ornamental and more valuable. Few cottage walls are unsuitable for fruit of some kind, and such help to a deserving tenant is of a value to him quite out of proportion to the cost given to the owners. It may be urged that if trees were planted against cottage walls the tenants would not attend to them properly and they would fall into a state of neglect. Some might do this, but the majority would appreciate the privilege and see the force of paying reasonable attention to the trees in their own interests. I would ensure against such emergencies by making it a stipulation when letting a cottage that if the tenant neglected the wall trees he must leave the house. I believe there are a few estates where some rule of this kind is carried out, and it is only reasonable that a cottager is loth to leave a house where he can make a few pounds a year from the fruit trees on the walls, and remove to another one where he has no such opportunity. It



WEeping ROSES.

IN recommending a somewhat new style of weeping Rose, we have no desire to disparage those usually obtained by budding various creeping Roses upon tall hedge Briars, but the advent of the newer forms of Rosa wichuriana has placed in the hands of those who study effective grouping a splendid material to form what one may call natural weepers. It is somewhat remarkable that these new hybrids of a very valuable introduction do not partake of the creeping habit to the same extent as the type. Nevertheless, they yield splendid long willowy growths, which droop or trail in a very graceful way, so that by giving the shoots a support about 5 ft. or 6 ft. in height the succeeding growths fall over, and in course of time reach the ground. Young plants may be obtained with shoots some 4 ft. to 6 ft. in length and from four to six in number. Retain the three strongest, remove their unripe ends, and then secure them to some iron stakes about 5 ft. or 6 ft. in height. The lateral growths should be pinched back during the summer, and all growth from the base suppressed. The upper-most eyes will, of course, be allowed to grow and the shoots to droop over. In two or three seasons a very beautiful weeping Rose will be formed, the stems clothed with foliage, and the long, drooping trails bespangled with pretty flowers.

That the wichuriana class is capable of much improvement is beyond a doubt, and one cannot but look forward with interest to M. Barbier's new hybrids, which he has obtained by crossing the species with Crimson Rambler, L'Idéal, etc. Pink Roamer will be a splendid kind to form a natural weeper, so also will Universal Favourite, South Orange Perfection, Manda's Triumph, and Gardenia. Other true running Roses are also amenable to the same treatment, varieties of the Ayrshire and Sempervirens groups being especially valuable. Ruga, Dundee Rambler, Félicité Perpetue, Virginian Rambler, Princess Marie, and, of course, many of the Rosa Polyantha and multiflora group, would also be useful. To mention a few of them, we would place the following in order of merit: Aglaia, Euphrosyne, Thalia, Polyantha simplex, Polyantha grandiflora, Royal Cluster, and we would also include in the list of commendable kinds The Garland, Moschata, Brunonii, Paul's Single White, Sinica Anemone, and Claire Jacquier. The latter would not be hardy enough for any but the Southern Counties, for obviously if the stems are frost-bitten the beauty of the specimen is lost. After a year or two a few roots of trees placed around the individual specimens where they happen to be located on a lawn or other conspicuous position would make a very pleasant and attractive picture when covered with the growths of the Roses. This would be better than planting such Roses on a hot and dry bank eventually to creep over some roots or rocks, although this is a very interesting method of growing these running and creeping Roses. Many visitors to Kew must have noticed the pretty effect obtained by planting two or three plants of the Dawson Rose at the base of a mound of roots near the ornamental waters. The same effect could be obtained from these running Roses, only that instead of running up among the roots, as in the case of the Dawson Rose, they would droop down from their elevated position. Now that Rose gardens are being laid out in such a charming way one must welcome anything that tends to increase the interest of such plots, and if one can obtain from among the various tribes of the Rose that which will take the place of evergreen shrubs, surely they would be more in harmony with their surroundings. Before planting the soil must be

has been said that the neglected state of cottage property in the country has had something to do with the alarming exodus of the population from rural districts, and it is possible that there is something in it. But apart from the side of the question that affects the tenant, I do not see how the landlord can lose anything. When erecting a new cottage a few extra shillings will purchase the fruit trees, and as they grow they will not only adorn the dwelling, but enhance the value of the property. Who has not seen and admired the old cottage built in the style of a past century, with old fruit trees on the walls that have paid the rent over and over again? We can hardly expect the tenant to plant the trees. The man who builds a freehold cottage of his own invariably does, therefore it remains with the landlord, and there are many who might adopt the suggestion if they feel disposed."

THE BUCK-BEAN.

It is difficult to conceive at once a more beautiful plant, or one, as regards its moderate-sized spikes of bloom, more stately than our British Buck-bean. The way the spikes of flowers keep their uprightness amidst the miniature wavelets upon many an exposed space of water is also noticeable, considering

their size and weight. Old Gerarde describes the inflorescence as "a bush of feather-like flowers." And he goes on to say the "floures are of a white colour, 'dasht' over slightly with a wash of light carnation." It is customary to say the blooms are pale rose-tinted. Perhaps the real secret why the spikes of bloom have such a charming effect is to be found in the fact that the five-cleft corolla is thickly enveloped on the inside by a prominent discernible white fringe. The Latin name *Menyanthes trifoliata* happily describes this British gem. As the name *Menyanthes* denotes, the blooms are of a month's duration, and the trifoliate leaves amply illustrate the ordinary bean. Apart from the fact that the plant abounds in ponds in many places widely distributed and in peat bogs—notably among the Yorkshire hills—it is interesting to note that it is to be met with occasionally in small cattle watering ponds (a long way from other water), such as occur upon farms. This must give further proof that seeds of aquatic plants are often distributed in out-of-the-way places by wildfowl, for the plant is not likely to be indigenous on such confined spaces. We know one such pool, some 12 ft. in diameter, within eighteen miles of London, where this plant flourished and flowered well.

THE LABRADOR DOG.

IN spite of the fact that nearly three-quarters of a century has elapsed since the Labrador dog was imported into this country, his appearance and his many virtues are practically unknown to, and are therefore unappreciated by, the vast majority of British dog-lovers. With humiliation we must admit that until the other day we shared the common opinion that the breed was to all intents and purposes a Newfoundland, the delusion being dispelled by a visit to the kennel of the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert, of Munden, Watford, who owns a considerable number of these dogs, and is a profound believer in their merits.

The Duke of Buccleuch is also the possessor of a very important kennel of Labradors, having obtained his first specimen of the breed, a dog named Avon, from Lord Malmesbury in 1885, the latter nobleman being the first British sportsman to patronise the variety seriously, though a former Duke of Buccleuch, and likewise Lord John Scott, bred these dogs many years ago, whilst amongst those who own Labrador kennels now are the Earl of Wimborne, the Earl of Verulam,



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. THE HON. A. HOLLAND-HIBBERT WITH HIS DOGS. Copyright

the Hon. D. Cairns, Sir A. Graham, and Mr. A. H. Wood, besides a great many others who have crossed the Labrador dogs with their own retrievers to improve the stamina of the latter, which in many kennels is only too much needed, on account of the extraordinary amount of inbreeding which generally takes place when the matter is left to the discretion of the head-keeper.

Having thus briefly alluded to a few of the chief breeders of Labradors in this country, we may at once, and without any attempt at reservation, extend our recantation of the erroneous opinion which we entertained that the Labrador is of the Newfoundland type, by explaining that this breed partakes far more of the appearance of the short-coated retriever. The shape of the skull unquestionably justifies this expression of opinion, as do the shape and setting on of the neck, the legs and feet, and the carriage of the tail. The ears of the Labrador should be small and well set just at the corners of the skull, the breeders of this variety not sharing the predilection of some retriever owners in favour of a large ear, which the latter affirm is usually associated with a good nose; the eyes should be hazel brown, though often of a yellowish colour, and rather under than over medium size, the shoulders long, sloping, and powerful, as these dogs are wonderful gallopers, whilst the body should be well let down behind the forearms, the back and body being level and powerful, and the latter well ribbed up. One of the



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SINGLE.

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Labrador's great properties is the coat, which is short, hard to the touch, and quite destitute of any approach to a curl, whilst the under-jacket is extremely close and weather-resisting. The tail, which should not be curled, carries no fringe, and should, as nearly as possible, resemble the tail of an otter, and the height is about 22in. at the shoulder. Weights of course vary, the bitches being lighter than the dogs, but the latter scale from about 58lb. to 64lb. The Labrador, in fact, affords a remarkable combination of strength and workmanlike activity, and he is, in addition, every inch a workman, being unusually intelligent, very easily broken, a wonderfully fast galloper, and, above all, the possessor of a splendid nose.

In support of this tribute to the merits of the breed we may quote Mr. Holland-Hibbert, who writes that "Labradors will do everything any other retriever will do—only they do it a little better. They will not do what many retrievers do—work at a trot, for their work, both in searching for and bringing up game, is done at a gallop. They are splendid on a hot day, because of their short coats; and though I suppose that some of them must have bad noses, my experience, extending since the year 1884, is that I have never met one with that fault. I can call to mind several with noses so remarkable as to put their

kennel mates into the shade, but that does not mean that the latter had bad noses. People often ask me if they are difficult dogs to break, but I should reply, 'Exactly the opposite.' I have at present ten grown Labradors in my kennels, and I would undertake with nine out of the ten to stop a path out shooting, and turn hares at a gateway; the tenth has been used so much for driving in pheasants that she might move. I think the dogs are harder to break than the bitches, but the same remark applies, I believe, to all retrievers. My dogs are used for all purposes, as fields at

cricket, as fags at lawn tennis, and occasionally as ratters, but there is only one hard-mouthed one amongst the lot, and I think that is because she is the greediest bitch I have ever met. In fact,



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SCOTTIE.

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I do not know of any 'crab' about them, though I realise the fact that perfection is impossible in this world; perhaps they do not fill the eye like a wavy-coated dog with legs feathered like a

Shire horse; but I am convinced that for work there is no breed to touch the Labrador."

The dogs selected for illustration are all from Mr. Holland-Hibbert's kennel, the first to claim attention being Sixty, by the Duke of Buccleuch's Nita out of Mr. Holland-Hibbert's Sarah, and himself the sire of two of the other Labradors whose portraits appear. His owner describes him as the best dog he ever had, and adds that the only fault he can find in him is the slight upturn of tail and a possible disposition to be large in ear. The bitch, Scottie,

was a present from the Duke of Buccleuch, she being by His Grace's Drake out of his Belle. Her head is perfect, she has exactly the right sort of ears, a nice short back, and good loins; in fact, she is a splendid Labrador, right in every respect, except that her tail, instead of being carried quite straight out like that of an otter, is too much curled. Sentry and Single are brother and sister, being by Sixty out of Scottie, but the photograph of the former scarcely does him justice, as it was taken when he was little more than a year old, and it makes him appear too throaty. His coat, moreover, is finer than it looks in the illustration, and he certainly stands more upright on his feet than portrayed. He is, in fact, a typical Labrador, but if anything a little narrow between the eyes, whilst his tail is a trifle long. Single, too, is an almost perfect specimen of her breed, but there is always an "if," and therefore it may be observed that perhaps she has a rather staring eye and her ears are a trifle too far back. The group of the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert and his dogs includes the quartette above referred to, and, in addition, Sarah, the dam of Sixty, Sudbourne, Psaltery, and Sober, every one of which may be accepted as a typical specimen of a most valuable variety of sporting dog which is far too seldom met with in this country.



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SENTRY.

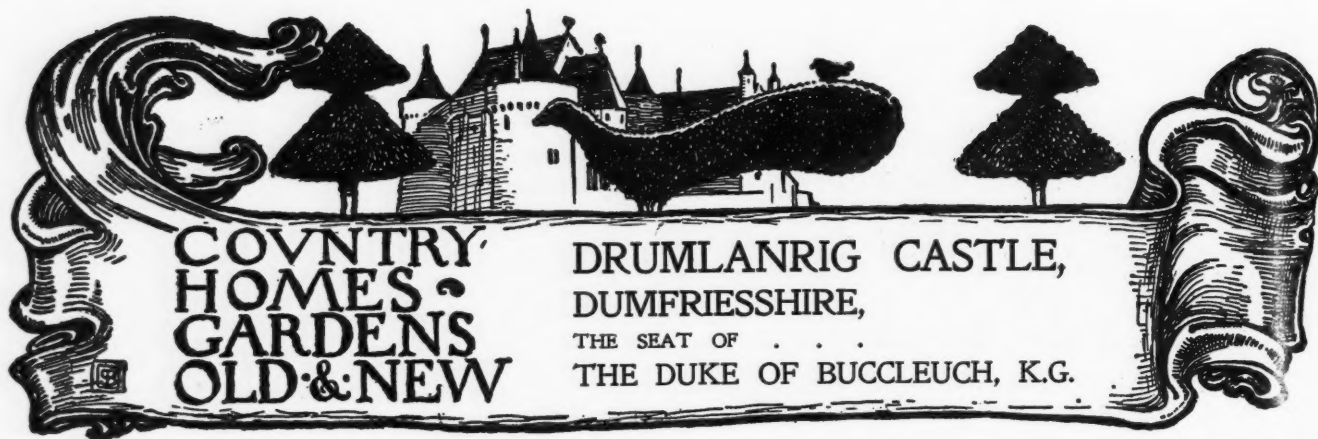
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SIXTY.

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MANY are the honours and high the titles that belong to the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, for he is not only that, but Marquess of Dumfriesshire also, Earl of Buccleuch, Dalkeith, Drumlanrig, and Sanquhar, Viscount of Nith, Torthorwald and Ross, Baron Scott of Buccleuch, and of Whitcheater and Eskdaill, and Baron Douglas of Kinmount, Middlebie and Dornock, not to speak of an English earldom and barony besides. Of seats, too, he has many, to wit: the famous house of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh; Drumlanrig Castle and Langholm Lodge, Dumfriesshire; Eildon Hall, near St. Boswell's; and Bowhill, near Selkirk; and a Northamptonshire house as well. Truly, a goodly heritage and a rich, well worthy of a great peer of the realm. It is with the beautiful Dumfriesshire domain of Drumlanrig that we are concerned here—well named from the "drum," or long "rig," or ridge, at the end of which it stands, looking down upon the Marr Burn, and commanding a noble prospect of the valley of the Nith, with mighty Criffel, near the borderland, to close the distant view. The branch of the great house of Douglas from which the Duke is descended flourished here more than five hundred years ago, when David II. in 1356 confirmed the barony to William, Lord Douglas—a wide territory stretching

from the Marr Burn, along the western side of the Nith, into Sanquhar Parish, and including some lands on the other side of the river. The first Baron of Drumlanrig was Sir William Douglas, living at the close of the same century, from whom was descended William, first Viscount Drumlanrig, and afterwards Earl of Queensberry.

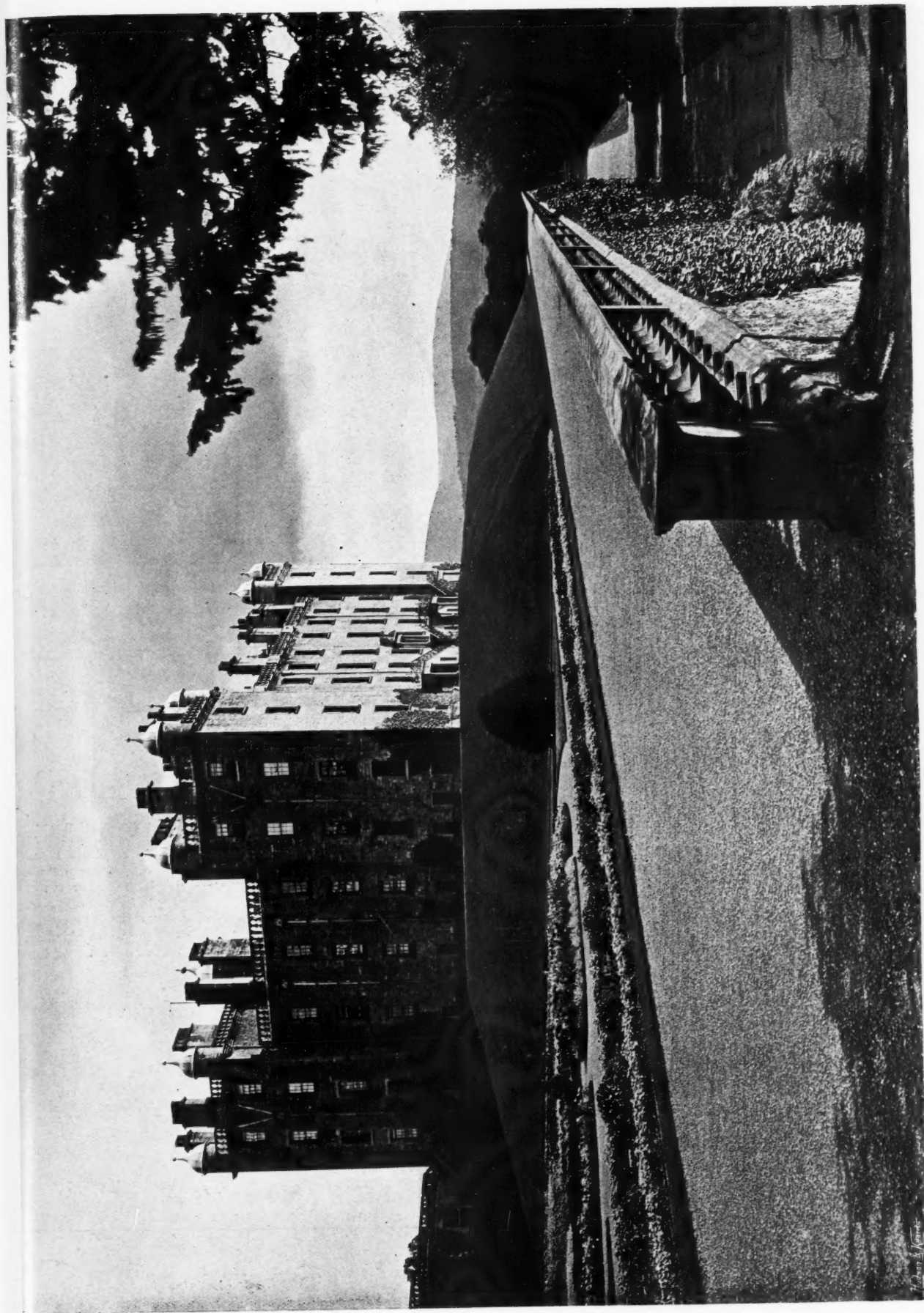
Some remains of the old castle are embodied in the present structure, which itself dates from 1679-1689. The fame of Inigo Jones has caused many a house he never saw nor heard of to be ascribed to him, and some even that were raised when his dyspeptic frame was troubled with "the spleen and vomiting melancholy" no more. To this latter category belongs Drumlanrig, which was not begun until 1679, when he had been dead some thirty years. That his influence is upon the structure, let no one question. Great men, though dead, still speak, and the manner to which Jones gave shape lasted a good century after him, and is even now a living force. The quadrangular structure which so nobly crowns the hill was built by William, first Duke of Queensberry, but doubtless it was a good castellated mansion that had stood there before. A solid, imposing structure is Drumlanrig Castle, four square to the winds of heaven, with a mighty turret, four-pinnacled; at every



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THE HALF CIRCLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



THE LONG TERRACE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

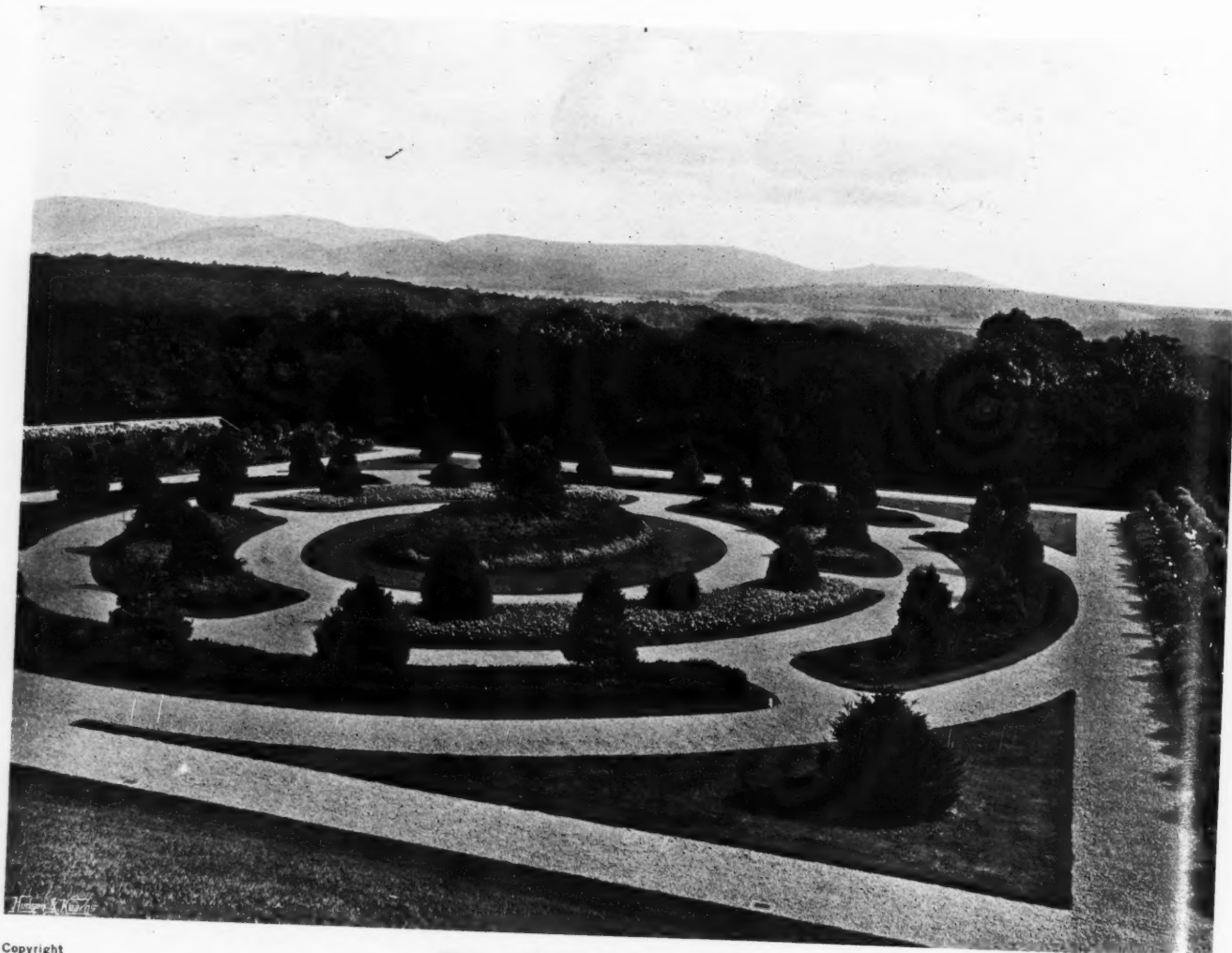
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THE NORTH FRONT.

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THE AMERICAN GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

angle, and between the turrets, curtain walls, as in some feudal stronghold, as if the parapet with weaponed warriors were to be manned. But more peaceful times had come when Drumlanrig was built, and the stout walls are full of windows and crested by an attractive balustrade. The details are very good, and a beautiful segmental double stairway on the north front is particularly fine. Below are the terraces and gardens, and a long flight of broad steps, forming the great ascent, is the approach on one side. A vast work was done by Duke William in raising the ponderous pile, laying out the gardens, and thickening the woods by new plantations. He seems to have regretted the expense, however, and would have buried the memory of it. Tradition, at any rate, asserts that he tied up the papers containing the accounts of his outlay and placed upon the packet the inscription, "The Deil pike out his een wha looks herein." But the Duke built well, and all around are evidences of his taste and discrimination. Dr. C. T. Ramage, who has written an account of the place, says it is recorded that, when the castle was building, "Sir Robert Grierson of Lag gifted to Queensberry eleven score of tall stately oaks out of Craignee Wood for joists to the said house, and could spare a good cut off the thick end of them." Of course since that time many changes have passed over the structure, and its surroundings grievously suffered at the hands of "Old Q"; but it has been judiciously restored to a state far better than the old, though the trees that Queensberry ruthlessly cut down will be long in growing again. Spacious and noble is the interior, and in its many rooms hang a large number of portraits of the Douglasses and their kin. Let the portraits of one member of the family



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THE NORTH GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

only he alluded to—Catherine, Duchess of Queensberry, who died in 1777, one of the most famous women of her time, beautiful, whimsical, and charming even in her old age. Swift, Pope, Thomson, Prior, and Whitehead were among her admirers, and Prior's verse telling of her guiding the chariot of Phaeton as a girl brought forth the quatrain of Walpole half a century later, when her beauty was little changed:

"To many a Kitty, Love his car
Would for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever young,
Obtain'd it for an age."

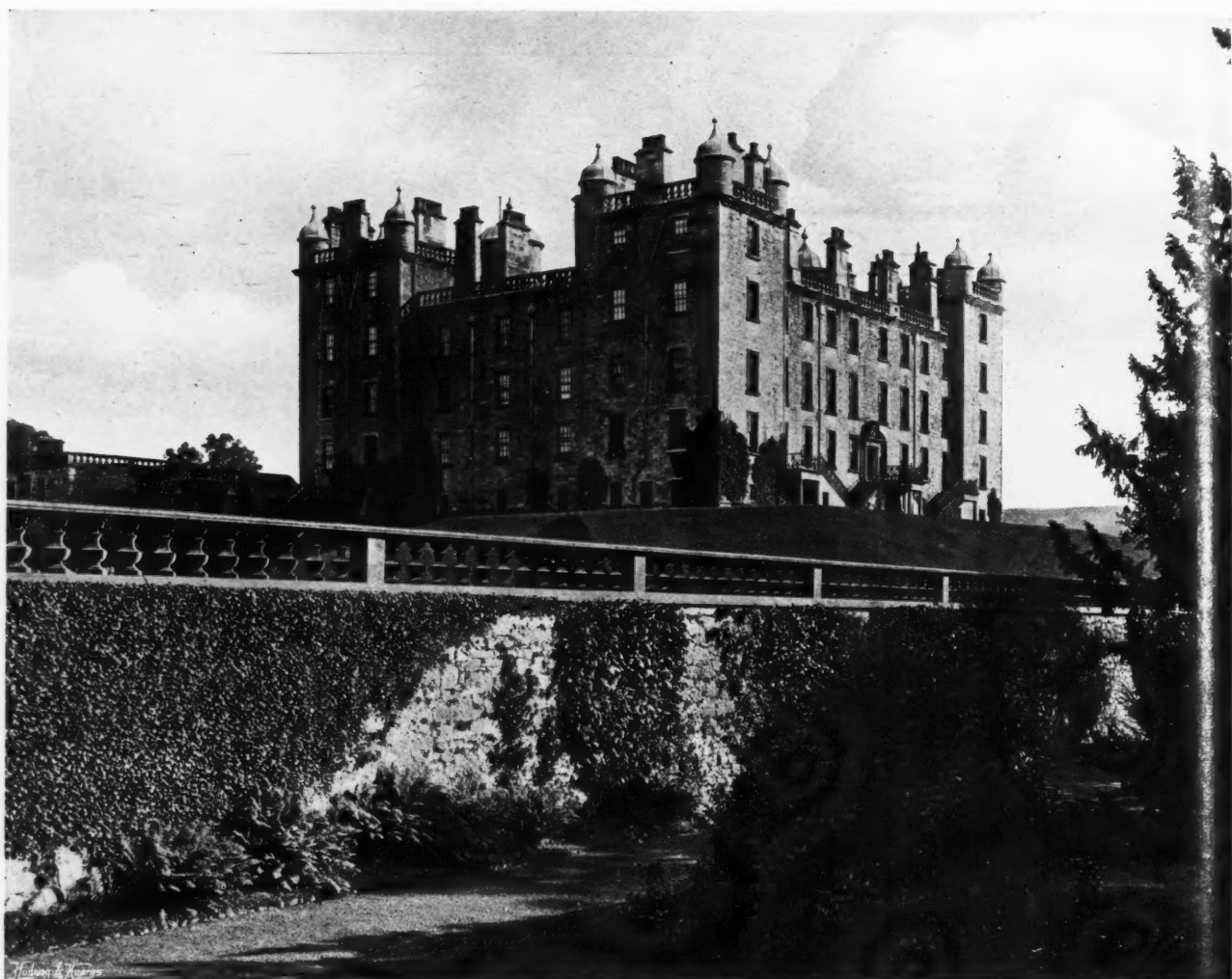
We may now enter the magnificent terraced gardens of Drumlanrig, which deserve to rank with the best gardens of



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THE LOW WHITE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Scotland. Fortunately an early description of them has been preserved. It is in a manuscript history of Durisdeer (in which parish Drumlanrig lies) by the Rev. Peter Rae (1700-1740), quoted by Dr. Ramage: "The gardens of Drumlanrig are very beautiful, and the rather because of their beauty. The regular gardens, with one designed to be made on the back of the plumbery, the outer court before the house, and the house itself, make nine square plots of ground, whereof the kitchen garden, the court before the house, and the garden designed make three;

my lady Duchess's garden, the house, and the last parterre and the flower garden make other three, that is nine in all, and the castle is in the centre. Only as to the last three, the westernmost is always more than a story above the rest. As to those called irregular gardens, because the course of the Parkburn would not allow them to be square, they are very pretty, and well suited to one another. They call one part thereof Virginia, the other Barbados; there goes a large gravel walk down betwixt them from the south parterre to the cascade." The cascade no

longer exists, but it appears that the present generation has knowledge of it, for its remains were there, plashing out by the leaden figure of a man, well known as "Jock of the Horn." It is a charming spot where the peasantry say the elves still dance in the moonlight. Mr. Rae's description admirably pictures the character of the old gardens, which in great part still survives. They were laid out in terraces; they were divided into formal parterres; and they were natural only where Nature compelled them to wildness.

Pennant also describes the old gardens, as he saw them in 1772 on his journey through Scotland. He says that he saw there a bird cherry of a great size, "not less than 7ft. 8in. in girth, and among several silver firs one 13ft. in diameter." The bird cherry is no longer there, and no fine silver firs remain, but an excellent specimen of the common Scotch fir, close to the old cascade, measures nearly 11ft. in girth at the



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THE WEST GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE HIGH WHITE GARDEN.



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THE GREAT ASCENT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A MARBLE VASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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base. Pennant also described the gardens as "most expensively cut out of a rock," doubtless referring to the magnificent terracing and the stairways. Not much rock-cutting appears, indeed, to have been required; the natural slope of the ground gave the advantage, which the garden architect and designer have taken full advantage of. The great and stately ascent which is depicted leads up to a magnificent terrace, skirting the south front below a grass slope, and at the west end is a fine formal parterre, laid out gaily and characteristically. Ivy climbs up the terrace wall, from which there is a glorious outlook. The High White Garden, with its gleaming pathways, is a purely formal parterre in the grand style, and has the semi-circular garden at its termination below the wood. The American garden is analogous, and a like character is found elsewhere. The contrast relieves the formal character of the grounds, and the woodland that enframes them enhances the effect of both, and the park is full of charm, while the landscape surveyed from the height is truly superb. Taken altogether, the scene is very characteristic, and eminently pleasing.

As in all old Scotch parks, the trees are noteworthy at Drumlanrig. Two Scotch firs in Auchenaught Wood are remarkable. One was described by the *Journal of Agriculture* in 1865 as 50ft. high, 11ft. long in the bole, 8ft. 6in. in girth, with a spread of branches of 48ft. The other was also 50ft. high, with a bole 17ft. 6in., a girth of 8ft. 10in., and a spread of branches of 51ft. Some of the yew trees are still larger. An oak tree, which grew on the edge of what is known as Gallows Flat, is probably the oldest tree in the park. The woods of Drumlanrig were glorious in the eighteenth century, but before its close their knell had been sounded. They perished at the bidding of iniquitous "Old Q," fourth Duke of Queensberry, whose memory remains as the type of an old roué—"That polish'd, sin-worn fragment of the court." It is said that he denuded his grounds at Drumlanrig, and round Niedpath Castle, near Peebles, about 1798, in order to



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THE GARDEN ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and demanded of his interlocutor whence came the destruction.

"'Nae eastlin blast,' the sprite replied;
'It blaws na here sae fierce and fell;
And on my dry and halesome banks
Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell.
Man! cruel man!' the genius sigh'd,
As through the cliffs he sank him down,
'The worm that gnaw'd my bonnie trees—
That reptile wears a ducal crown.'"

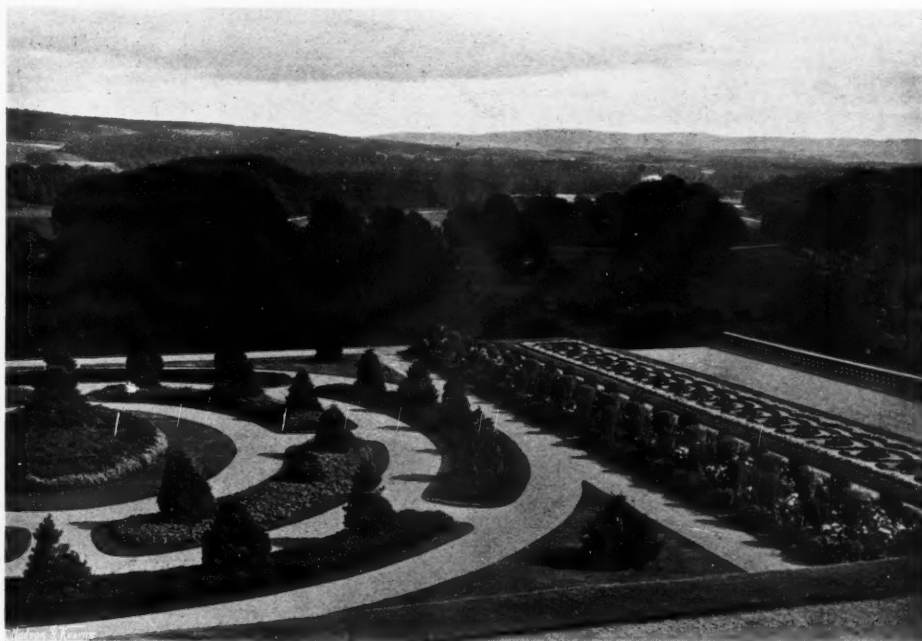
furnish a dowry for Maria Fagniani on her marriage to the Earl of Yarmouth. He believed the lady to be his daughter, and a like idea of paternity also induced George Selwyn to bestow upon her a large fortune, though malicious tongues averred that both of them were deceived.

Thus did Wordsworth pour indignation on the Duke of Queensberry's wicked old head:

"Degenerate Douglas; oh, the unworthy Lord!
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
And love of havoc (for with such disease
Fame taxes him), that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable trees,
Leaving an ancient dome and towers like these
Beggared and outraged!
Many hearts deplored
The fate of these old trees; and oft with pain
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze
On wrongs which Nature scarcely seems to heed;
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bogs,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the silent pastures, yet remain."

And Burns denounced the degenerate Duke also, in verses, wherein he describes the waving woods as fancy painted them,

"Old Q" died before his work was done, but he had cut down the wood on one side of the Yeochan; on the other side it still remains. Many stories are told of the destruction. One is to the effect that the Earl of Dalkeith, who inherited the estate from the destroyer, hearing what was going on, bought back some of the trees from the company which had purchased them. The gentry round endeavoured to save them, and Sir Charles Mentieth used to say that he



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THE AMERICAN GARDEN AND TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bought back the oak tree near the castle. The despoiled estate came into the hands of Henry Duke of Buccleuch in 1810, and he at once undertook the work of replanting, and of restoring what had perished, with excellent effect, for Nature, ever kindly, has, as Wordsworth long since suggested, forgotten "Old Q," and the woods and gardens are rich, and admirably kept. A fine avenue of lime trees runs down from the castle, and tradition says that Charles Duke of Queensberry, who formed it, was having the ground levelled with the intention of carrying the avenue forward for upwards of a mile, when he heard that his son Henry had met with an untimely end, whereupon he desisted in his sorrow, and not until a century later was his idea carried into execution. The finest oak in the park is a grand patrician tree, standing apart from all its kind, more than 83ft. high, with a girth, at 4ft. from the ground, of 14ft. 6in., and a spread of branches of 90ft. Another fine oak is at the foot of the hill close to the castle. There are magnificent beeches also, and grand sycamores and limes, which were spared the work of the destroyer's hand.

Formerly a herd of wild cattle roamed in Drumlanrig Park, and Pennant described them in 1770 as retaining primeval savageness and ferocity, but timid—descendants of the old *Urus sylvestris*, it is supposed. How the Drumlanrig herd died out or perished is not known. Formerly many such herds of wild cattle were to be found in Scotland, and Scott thus describes the great bull of Caledon:

"Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crushing the forest in its race,
The mountain bull comes thundering on.
Fierce on the hunter's quivering hand,
He rolls his eye of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoofs and horns the sand."

In every way a grand, characteristic, and beautiful domain is that of the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry at Drumlanrig. For the last hundred years it has been well tended and admirably preserved.

OTTER-HUNTING.

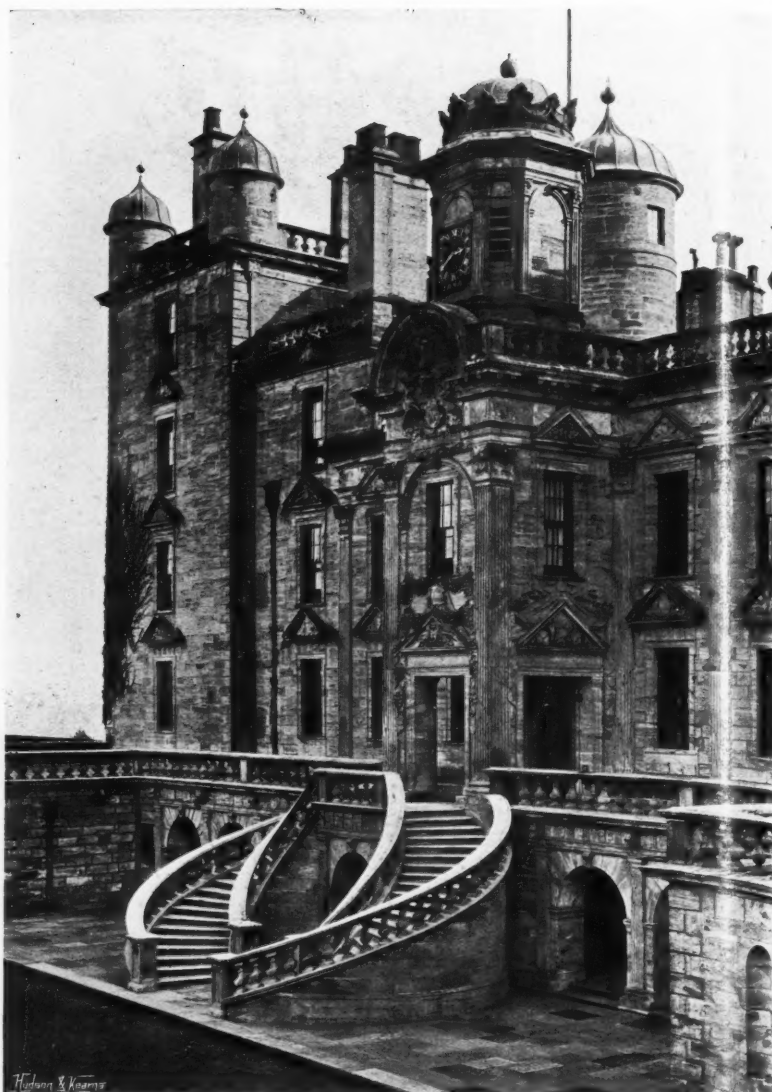
ON our stream the angler and the otter are intimate acquaintances—I cannot say friends, though some of us are not inveterate enemies. On many an evening do I stroll down to the great trough beneath the force to watch the fish lazily rising and falling in the clear water. After this I await the outcoming of the otters. And rarely am I disappointed, for the colony is a fairly numerous one. The place is a wilderness of rocks—some smooth with the stream's constant laving, others grey and orange with lichens, some green with mosses, broken and affording niches for the dainty harebell or the nodding wild marguerite.



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THE DOUBLE STAIRWAY AT DRUMLANRIG CASTLE.

"C.L."



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THE ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Near the cascade a solitary holly has cast anchor in the rifted rock. In the gloaming the first sign that an otter has left his secret lair is a quaint soft whistle. It comes from among the rocks, quite near the water. Nothing is to be seen, and the signal may have been given a score of times before the most vigilant eye locates a dark dot moving along the surface. In its evening excursions on our stream the otter takes great pains in scouting, swimming about, diving and doubling, appearing here, there,

and reappearing there, till you are almost persuaded that a hundred otters hidden in the undertow are rising at intervals for breath. When thoroughly satisfied, the otter calls out his family and begins operations. The big trout are now being harried in all directions by a swimmer almost their equal in speed. The otter rises and dives without making the slightest splash or bubble. You hear a sharp commotion in the water for a moment: one has made a capture, and is landing his victim not ten yards away. After his hunger has been appeased the otter will become in a cruel fashion sportive. He will chase the trout and bite pieces out of their living bodies; and fish taken at various times show bites on back or sides. This wanton mischief will come to an end soon. Our stream is not a long one, and the pack are already tracing it upwards from the sea.

The hounds were to begin the day's hunt some four miles away, so we walked down stream to meet them. At the foot of a long, still pool the first drag was struck. The pack seemed aware that this was old, but puzzled it out conscientiously. Back and forward across stream the hounds

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swam; the scent was improving; from the bank we noted a rising keenness, a quickening speed. We were forced to walk faster, then to trot, finally to run. Up through the pool-head, with a check under a thorn in the shallows, then in full cry through the next pool. The bank opposite was a hundred feet high, very steep and rocky, and full of places to which a hunted otter could retire. Again there was a check, but this was shorter than the one before. The enthusiasm of the hounds was grand to see. A few hundred yards further a smaller stream joined this; the pack did not hesitate at the meeting of the waters, but helter-skelter dashed along the shingles up the Slue. The frequent fences were climbed, leapt, or tumbled over (in our haste, generally the latter), but, undeterred, on we went, sometimes along the river banks, but at places the shallow stream promised better progress. In front the hounds splashed from the shingles into deep water, and then in place of the cheery hunting music came the "baffled" cry. The otter had taken refuge in a well-known drain. The wily old scoundrel got at grips with the first terrier with such success that it was forced to retreat. The moment attention was directed to the punished dog out popped the otter. Hounds dashed at him. The turmoil was indescribable. It seemed that the otter was so hard beset that he must be captured. He leapt back at the attack of Ruby till Juno was within an inch of him, then slid aside and dived beneath Crostic, reappearing behind Wormwood, and dashing over the back of the swimming Hector. These motions I remember among many equally dexterous; the agility and speed with which they were carried out is beyond expression. In a few agonising seconds the otter wormed himself through the beleaguering pack, and I could scarce believe my eyes when the lithe, dark body dashed clear of the hounds, and shot through the water towards the shallows. Men had been posted here to cut off a possible retreat, but the otter evaded them with ease, dashing back towards the long pool from which he had just been driven. Another cordon hastily flung themselves in his path and baulked him for a few moments, while the hounds came racing down. But again the otter's marvellous agility saved him, and he was away towards the deep waters, finally getting to ground in an impregnable position among the rocks.

Moving up stream, drags became more plentiful, and one otter, after a good run, was killed. He had trusted to retire into safety beneath a huge rock, but someone, anticipating this, had closed the passage. He fought for a moment in the open pool, doing some little damage before being overwhelmed with numbers.

For the next mile or so nothing negotiable was met with. A water-rat, chased into one pool by the youngest terrier, when out-matched in staying power, turned on its pursuer. The old huntsman, who stood by my side during this episode, expressed his satisfaction at the promising manner in which the novice did this work, laughing heartily at the rat's disconcerting counter-attack and how it was repelled. Long ere our familiar force and rocks were sighted we had a strong drag. This section of river is a succession of rocks, pools, and cascades, where the water races down at great speed. The circumstances were unfavourable, yet the hounds stuck gamely to their work. Climbing up the side of the gorge, we followed as closely as possible, finally, by a short cut, getting to the force-dub at the same time as the pack.

We were chatting, when a wandering hound gave a gleesome cry, in which the others, scurrying together, rapidly joined. Away up stream they dashed in a fine frenzy, we poor humans labouring hard in the rear. In some five minutes the pack were recovered at the mouth of a drain where the otter had taken refuge. Our terrier speedily drove him out, and there was another lively run, terminating in our second kill. The otter, after nearly shaking off his pursuers by diving and doubling in a deep pool, tried too early to break back

across the shallow. A hound caught sight of him, and in a few seconds the whole pack were around. And this time there was no escape.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

DEPARTING VISITORS.

RETURNING to the country after the Coronation one was struck by the disappearance of bird-life from the East Coast. Scarcely a warbler of any kind remained in garden, hedge, or coppice; and in avenues where the spotted flycatchers had flickered to and fro, looping tree to tree with a cobweb of sunlight, you might not see a single pair. Almost all of the swifts had gone; but of martins and swallows multitudes remained. It is always difficult to observe the movements of these birds, except when the last great flight leaves us, because their output of young continues up to the very last. Still, marked changes in their numbers have been taking place since the first week of August. Thus, on the 13th, there was a very large flock of house-martins clinging to the red-tiled roof of the long barn, every now and then rushing into the air with loud twitterings altogether and presently returning in dribbles, only to whirl off together again a few minutes later. These alarms and excursions always give one the impression that they are drilling for their great forced march over land and sea, practising the art of starting altogether and flying in company; and the impression seems confirmed when, the next day, you find that the host has simultaneously departed.

TRAVELLERS ON THE WAY.

More probably, however, these sudden panics—for such appears to be the real character of the tumultuous rising of assembled martins or swallows from the roofs or wires to which they cling—show that the birds are travellers already, and not merely practising for the start. For while this was going on our own martins were coming and going unconcernedly as usual, feeding the young which their mud nests under the eaves still contained. Thus those on the barn roof would seem to have been mostly strangers from further north, travelling by easy stages whenever the chill north wind blew, and halting when the weather was genial wherever they found their own kind still in residence. Being wayfarers in a strange country and unsettled in mind, they would naturally be liable to sudden alarms and impulses to flight. Travelling many miles in company, in obedience to the instinct which bids them to fly before the cold north wind that sweeps away their insect food, they had traversed many landscapes which, since they were mostly young birds of the year, they had never seen before. The only constant factor in their journey has been the presence of their companions, and to this they cling, so that when a few rise in alarm from the roof they all rise, and when some begin to settle again they all return.

HOW SWALLOWS "ASSEMBLE."

Another thing which strengthens the presumption that these "assembled" martins are not birds of the neighbourhood which have collected together in readiness for flight, but a column already on the march and halting by the way, is that they seem to spend almost all the day in idleness instead of catching insects. This would appear to show that what they want is rest and not food; as would be natural, if they have travelled far, because, in this part, at any rate, of their journey, the swallow tribes seem always to feed as they fly, skimming low over the fields, or along the sheltered side of hedges when following the coast-line.

Thus in spring I stood one day in the gap of a coast hedge while an endless procession of swallows passed in single file within a foot or two of me, each flying close under the lee of the hedge and hawking for insects as it flew. So at the end of a long journey, when they have outstripped the wind and eaten by the way, it would be natural for them to halt and rest idly together wherever they saw some of their own kind at home.

THE ORDER OF MARCH.

It is owing to this method of travel that we can seldom be sure, except at landing or departing places on the coast, when we see swallows arriving or leaving. They fly in very open order, following each other with plenty of room for each bird to catch insects on his own account; and, except that they must fly when the north wind is chill and that they like to halt with others of their kind, they have no marching orders or definite programme of any kind. So, when you notice that the martins are becoming more numerous on your roof, you may reasonably conclude that strangers are arriving on their way South, although you may not be able to detect their advent, since they merely alight on the roof in twos and threes like any of your resident birds. If they were local birds, "assembling" from the neighbourhood to start on their journey together, you would find other dwellings in the vicinity depleted of their martins, whereas your neighbours' roofs are becoming as crowded as your own, provided that like yours they have a sunny aspect and are still haunted by some resident birds.

EARLY MIGRANTS.

You may also be sure, when you see the martins gathering, that, however warm and sunny the day may be, there is a cold north wind coming, because the martins have flown before it, and when it comes they will fly on again.



Ellis & Watery.

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MASTER RODNEY HANNEN.

(In the character of John Bull).

So it happened this year, for the evening of the 13th was chilly, and on the 14th very few martins besides those that were still feeding young remained. The swifts rear only one brood of young, and so, though they arrive later than the martins as a rule (this year furnished a remarkable exception), they have done with their household cares much earlier, and are free to go almost as soon as the old cuckoos depart. In the short summer of the North it is probable that swallows and martins rear only one brood, too, and thus are ready to travel down to us before our own birds have finished nesting. Before this is in print many other changes will have occurred—if, that is to say, we have many north winds—but young cuckoos were still with us on the 15th, and on the 14th one swift and a solitary whitethroat were seen. All the butcher-birds seemed to have departed, and very few flycatchers were left.

THE YOUNG CUCKOO.

Young cuckoos are very seldom observed at this season of the year, although they are, of course, more numerous than their parents were in May. This is probably due to the fact that while everyone recognises the adult cuckoo's call and looks for the bird, comparatively few are familiar with the voice of the young bird. Yet when once it has been heard it is easily recognised; for no other bird utters exactly the same high but soft note, except perhaps the starling in some of his musical medleys. It is a monosyllable frequently repeated, and something between the shrill pipe of the hedge-sparrow and the soft whispered note which the redwings utter in winter as they follow each other from one tree to another. Like his father in attitude, although so unlike in voice, the young cuckoo heaves up his tail every time he cries; and this habit often enables you to catch sight of him as he sits among the leafy branches, waiting to be fed. You more often see him, however, flitting low and straight from tree to tree or from one part of a hedge to another as you approach; for he "takes after" his father also in timidity and restlessness.

A "MYSTERIOUS" POWER.

The other morning I made some experiments of the "attracting" power of a female oak-egg moth, and was convinced that this "mysterious" faculty, which has always puzzled naturalists, is due to scent or something so analogous as to need no separate name. In the first place the attraction is certainly conveyed by the wind. While for two hours the female moth was placed about 20 yds. to leeward of a hedge, so that the wind blew the scent away from the hedge across a pasture several hundred yards wide, not one male moth appeared; but when the box containing the captive fair one was removed to a position 20 yds. to windward of the hedge, no fewer than four males arrived within a quarter of an hour, and this in spite of the fact that the charmer was three days old, at which age a marriageable oak-egg moth is beginning to get *passive*. Each of the males came either from over the hedge; but their flight is so bold and erratic that you cannot always tell from which direction they have

come. The first arrival, indeed, was flying so impetuously that he overshot the mark and went zigzagging down the hedge out of sight. But each of the other three did exactly the same thing. They flew hurriedly to and fro near the hedge exactly to leeward of the box, and then getting well on the scent travelled close along the ground, quartering it as a pointer would do, finally coming straight to the box, and scrambling up and down the gauze side through which the scent was carried, although, as a matter of fact, the female of whom they were in search was seated close to the other side. Even when, in their eagerness, they scrambled round to that side, and so came within an inch of her, they quickly returned to the other.

A SUCCESSFUL BOX-TRICK.

But the convincing evidence as to the nature of the attraction was afforded by the behaviour of the moths when the box was carried away. One of them made the mistake of flying to windward at the start, and he never picked up the scent again, although he would probably have done so by working backwards and forwards if the box had remained stationary. The other two, however, followed it dutifully for a quarter of a mile, often settling upon it and as often being blown off by the wind. When this happened they would fall to quartering the ground again, fluttering closely over each tuft of grass, because they knew that a moment before they had been quite close to the object of their affections. When thus engaged, if the box was lowered to the ground level to windward of them, so that the scent was blown straight to them, they flew directly to it; but when, on the other hand, it was taken to leeward, so that the scent was blown away from them, they continued to quarter the ground as earnestly as before.

OBSTACLES TO LOVE.

There was great difficulty in getting them through a belt of trees, because on entering the shade both of them "flung up" among the branches, and remained for a long time confused among them. Eventually, however, the attraction within the box, which was halted on the windward side of the trees, drew them both safely through the obstacle, and the march across the open was resumed. At the end, however, both were unexpectedly thrown off the scent for good. As the box was being carried through a shrubbery gate both of them flew up, as they had done at the shadow of the trees; but, although the box was placed on the lawn inside the shrubbery, neither they nor any other male oak-eggars came through. The reason of this was obvious, that inside the shelter of the shrubbery the air was still, and the scent was not carried outside to the fields where the oak-eggars dwell, although on the previous day, when the box had been placed in a part of the garden exposed to the wind, several male oak-eggars had found their way to it. These results seem to show that there is no need to speak of the "attracting" power of the female oak-egg and some other moths as a mystery, or to invent some new sense, as that of "direction," to account for the approach of the males; for it is evidently a sense so analogous to the scent of animals as to be practically the same. E. K. R.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"**SALMON AND TROUT**," by Dean Sage and others, is a recent addition to the "American Sportsman's Library," edited by that good sportsman and writer, Mr. Caspar Whitney. The series is intended presumably to run more or less on the lines of our own Badminton and other similar libraries, so far, of course, as the game fauna of America permit the analogy. Other volumes that have already appeared are "The Deer Family," by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt and others, and "Upland Game Birds," by Edwin Sandys. The volume before us divides itself, like Old Gaul, into three parts, of which the first, dealing with "The Atlantic Salmon," and written by Dean Sage himself, is sure to be the part that will attract most attention from English readers. The Atlantic salmon is, of course, our own familiar friend, *Salmo salar*, and the many mysteries that surround some of his life habits, relatively familiar though he is, make it interesting for us to hear something about him on the other side of the ocean. The other two parts of the book are concerned with "The Pacific Salmon," written by C. H. Townsend and H. M. Smith, and "The Trouts of America," by William C. Harris. These two sections will, of course, be of a very special interest to any who are thinking of pursuing the sport of capturing any of them, and in this respect the book may be looked upon as a most valuable guide, philosopher, and friend, either to the tyro or to the veteran who is about to try new ground. Under the heading of "The Trouts of America," which, frankly, includes the steelheads and the charrs, Mr. Harris mentions a number of species that is bewilderingly and alarmingly large. It has to be admitted, however, that he falls more or less into line with the tendency of modern ichthyology, by the confession of a suspicion that all the sea-going trout are really local varieties of *Salmo trutta*. But these are questions rather for the savant than the sportsman, and it is to the latter that the book under consideration addresses itself. It is pleasing to find that British-made rods and tackle are commended, somewhat more highly than the native American articles, which is rather in the nature of a triumph, seeing that America is a good deal more likely to be the home of the timber from which the rods will have been made. The book is delightfully illustrated. It tells you where to go for the different species of trout and salmon that it describes. On the whole it is very readable, and pleasantly instructive.

The "points" that it makes with respect to the life history of the salmon come with the greater interest at the moment that the report of our salmon fishing commission, which has sat for

more than a year, is published. Dean Sage notices the singular fact that fish which have been in the net and escaped will take the fly much more quickly than their unscathed companions. This may be compared with the undoubted fact that "seal-marked" fish, *i.e.*, fish which have been attacked by a seal, will take the fly in our own rivers much more readily than those which have not suffered this injury. Dean Sage's suggestion to account for this is, to say the least, interesting and ingenious. He suggests that the fish may take the fly because as they "reach the stage of convalescence their appetite revives" and they have "to make up for the waste caused by their injuries." The writer asserts as an undoubted fact that salmon can and do eject all food from their stomachs on the approach of danger, and when their activity is called into play, and considers this to account in part for the fact that food so very rarely is found in their stomachs. Perhaps he attaches hardly sufficient value to the post-mortem examinations of the intestines which would show at least the remains of digested food, if any had lately been swallowed, even if the undigested food had been ejected. He affirms that "many salmon are caught in salt water, and these are quite as empty as those taken in the rivers above." This hardly is in accord with what we find. Nevertheless, on the whole, his conclusion that the fish seize objects with a view of feeding on them, but feed very sparingly and occasionally in fresh water, is just about the conclusion that most of us who study the like questions over here arrive at. Again, the conclusion that salmon as a rule return to spawn in their natal rivers corresponds with our own, as also his limitation to the rule that exceptions occur, and that fish forced from their own river by over-netting, by obstructions, etc., will go elsewhere. Dean Sage mentions that "Mr. Atkins, the fish-culturist of Maine, has ascertained by experiments at Bucksport, where the hatcheries are situated, that the Penobscot salmon spawn only every other year." It would be interesting to hear details of the experimental evidence. The writer goes on, with a praiseworthy caution, to observe that "this is not an established fact in all rivers." Unfortunately our "established fact" in these matters are all too few. The difficulty, not so much of passing good legislation, as of enforcing it, appears to prevail yet more forcibly in the States than over here. Speaking of the Connecticut river, the writer tells us "so evenly were the political parties divided that the poachers held the balance of power, and a Governor of the State told me that either party which might try to punish their depredations would inevitably be ousted from power." The difficulty, moreover, of obtaining

trustworthy statistics is illustrated by an instance in which Dean Sage went with the "head-guardian" to see a net lifted on the famous Ristigouche river. Ninety salmon were counted in the net by Dean Sage and his friend, and the figures were reported to the Commissioner of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa. A few weeks later the Commissioner forwarded them "the affidavits of five or six persons who swore they lifted the net in question on the morning we were there, and only eight salmon were in it, which was the largest catch of the season."

It is perhaps a matter for some national satisfaction that all the good Atlantic salmon rivers—and they are good—on the other side are in British territory. The Godbout, from which a list of catches that makes the mouth water is reported, is about the best, as it would seem, but all the way up, right into Davis Strait and Hudson Bay, there seem to be rivers of immense and practically untried possibilities for the angler.

It is Dean Sage's opinion that the man provided with an ample stock of Jock Scott, Silver Doctor, and brown and black Fairies in different sizes will be fully equipped in the matter of artificial flies, and this, I think, is the opinion of those who have given most attention to the question in this country also. All that he has to say as to casting, working the fly, killing the fish, and so on, seems excellent enough so far as it goes, but it tells us nothing that is very novel or noteworthy. He combats successfully, and with instances, the prevalent theory that salmon cannot be caught when a mist is low down on the water, ending with the conclusion to which we all have come, that no time of day or state of weather can be affirmed to be that in which salmon will, or will not, take a fly. So much for the very interesting chapters on our friend the salmon in America and Canada.

Of the Pacific salmon it is noteworthy that by marking young salmon hatched at the hatchery on the Clackamas River, Oregon, results were obtained to show that "for every thousand fry liberated, two thousand pounds of adult fish were caught for market"—cost of production being one dollar per thousand and value of fish resulting at least one hundred dollars. "There is no doubt," the authors of this section affirm, "that under favourable conditions the Pacific salmon will take the fly." In the tidal waters of Washington and British Columbia, they add, "The late-running silver salmon often take the fly." It is quite certain, however, that the Pacific salmon, like the Atlantic salmon, do not, in any general sense of the phrase, feed in fresh waters. If they did, even the huge Pacific rivers could not possibly support their numbers.

The most interesting part, to English readers, of Mr. Harris's chapters on the trout of America is that in which he speaks of the rainbow and the fontinalis. Of both he writes with a very proper enthusiasm, but hardly is fair to us when he says, "With the usual conservatism of Englishmen, the anglers of that country hesitate to place rainbow in waters inhabited by the native brown trout, than which the rainbow is vastly superior both as an edible and as a rod fish." The rainbow may be all this; but, with all respect, it is not our conservatism that prevents our giving him every chance. We have given him every chance, but he has proved himself so incurable a wanderer that he will not stay with us unless we fence him in. We may say the same, almost, of the fontinalis, which is, moreover, a short-lived fish in this country. Of the rainbow's value for enclosed waters we all are fully agreed. Mr. Harris scarcely is just to us, either, in his criticism of dry-fly fishing, on which he touches with a suspicion of scorn that more than probably arises from his slight acquaintance with this the most finished form of the angler's art.

On the whole, however, the book is most interesting, readable, and instructive, full of suggestive points and speculations. It hardly can fail to meet with appreciation by anglers on both sides of the ocean. Our own latest report on salmon fisheries does not advise, until further evidence of their value is forthcoming, that the Government should institute salmon hatcheries over here. But if the figures from the Pacific side can be trusted, and if it can be shown that the conditions there are sufficiently like our own to make it probable that like results will follow from like measures, the argument for hatcheries is strong. These, however, are perhaps large provisos. H. G. H.

HIGHLY varied is the character of the literary *olla podrida* offered in this issue of COUNTRY LIFE. The principal article, as will have been seen, deals with a topic dear to the heart of every reader, albeit in a country which is not our own; but sport and natural history are essentially cosmopolitan. In *Submarine Warfare* (Grant Richards), however, Mr. Herbert C. Fyfe deals, in a book "essentially of a popular character," with a subject of vital interest; but he has, I venture to say, done himself some injustice by using the phrase which has been quoted. It inevitably suggests superficiality, the sacrifice of sense to style; but in this case, while the style is readable and easy, the matter is eminently sensible, interesting, and well collected. In fact the book is one of serious value, and at the same time easy to read, and that is more than can be said often of books of an essentially popular character. Mr. Fyfe in fact gives us a lucid summary of the history of the submarine, beginning, not perhaps in strict fairness, with the divers who worked for Xerxes, and with those who were employed to saw through the poles at the siege of Syracuse, and ending up with a complete account, so far as completeness is possible, of the state of the submarines of the world at the present day. But, apart from Mr. Fyfe, the book has a special

value in that it contains an introduction by Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Fremantle, and a chapter on "The Probable Future of Submarine Boat Construction" by Sir Edward J. Reed, M.P., who, as many men have now forgotten, was once Chief Constructor. The result is a two-fold feeling, the first part of which is a feeling of vagueness for which the author is, or perhaps it will be more accurate to say the authors are, in no sense responsible. Nobody knows, nobody can know, how the inventive genius of man may surmount the difficulties, which are mainly those of vision under water, at present hedging in the submarine. Again, nobody, save the Admiralty authorities and the officers actually concerned in the experiments, knows the exact details of the trials which seem to have convinced the officers of the Vernon that they had discovered an effectual antidote for submarines. But it remains abundantly plain that there is not perhaps a certainty, but a substantial chance, of a future for submarines, and there is justification for the hope, expressed by Mr. Fyfe, that with Lord Selborne and Mr. Arnold-Forster at the Admiralty, "the bad old days when inventors were snubbed and novel ideas ridiculed have gone never to return." Even here, in passing, I would like to say a word in excuse of the authorities of old days, since it has been my fortune, as a Pressman of long experience, to sit in amateur judgment upon many scores of inventions. Experience shows that the inventor, particularly if he has a touch of genius, is often apt to be something of a monomaniac, and, therefore, not a little of a bore. Besides that, in ninety-nine cases out of 100, he is not content to perfect his invention before he submits it for examination. The natural result is that busy men are disgusted when they are asked to spend valuable time in examining apparatus in embryo. One point more. Mr. Fyfe has a very sensible chapter upon "The Morality of Submarine Warfare," in which he makes hay, most logically, of the statement of *Engineering* (October 1st, 1901) that "the torpedoing of a single German ironclad by a submarine would almost certainly be followed by a refusal to recognise submarines as belligerents." One cannot by convention arrest progress, even in the art of destruction.

So far we have been serious, but the next book which comes to my hand gives me an all too rare opportunity of being absolutely trivial. It is *Hookey*, being a relation of some circumstances surrounding the early life of Miss Josephine Walker by A. Neil Lyons (Fisher Unwin). Outside it is called a Cockney burlesque, and, although I regret to say I had never heard of Mr. A. Neil Lyons until I opened this book, I take leave to say that it is a burlesque of the very first order of merit. The story, the plot, does not matter in the least; the dialogue, the lowest class metropolitan repartee, is simply superb. There has been nothing like it since Dickens, and, like Dickens, Mr. Lyons gives one the impression that these scenes must have been enacted, that these conversations must have been spoken, that these shrewd thrusts and counter-strokes must have been delivered in real life. The case is really one in which example, with just so much of explanation as is absolutely necessary, gives far and away the best idea as to what is in a book. All that the reader need know is that the heroine, Hookey, is a girl of fourteen, who keeps a tobacconist's shop going for William, the Irrevocable Grand President of the United Covenant of Free Debaters. Hookey is also engaged to Clem Pole, originally a clerk of very humble position, who makes a success on the minor (very minor) music-hall stage, and "carries on" (to recall a phrase of fifteen years ago) with other young women. Here are some of the choicest passages, beginning with Hookey on Clem:

"Carrie, a tobacconist of eighteen summers, seemed for the moment to occupy the proudest place in his affections. Hookey, questioned as to her views on the matter, exhibited an unconcern as admirable as it was false.

"'S'long as 'e don't worry me,' she remarked, 'e can go out with 'em all day. 'E's a man, an' 'e can please 'isself. . . . What knocks me is the gals. Mad, I call it, to go wastin' your time with a bloke what's engaged to somebody else!'

"'Then the engagement still holds?' I enquired.

"'Of course! What next?' she replied. 'I'm the gal 'e's gointer marry; they're the ladies 'e walks out with to keep 'is position. Same all the world over, aint it? Besides, 'e's a genius. Everybody says so. You got to make allowances for a lad that sings at smokers when he's only sixteen.'"

Then here is a crisp dialogue between Hookey and the said Carrie:

"'Evenin', Miss Walker. Bit silly, aint it, me comin' in moony like that? Thought I was still walkin' with somebody in the park.'

"'Silly aint the word fur it,' said Hookey, in a tone of hearty agreement.

"'But you aint angry with me, Miss Walker, now, are you?'

"'Eh?' said Hookey.

"'I was only sayin' as I hoped I hadn't annoyed you—comin' in so offhand, you know.'

"'Never noticed you,' replied Hookey. 'I don't trouble much about the looks of me customers—not the ordinary ones.'

"'Well, tha's all right,' remarked the other, doubtfully. 'I was afraid you might be upset.'

"'Hookey stared.

"'Upset!' said she; 'not much. I don't'—she paused suddenly, and regarded her visitor with an air of cordial interest. 'Oh! now I see! It is a bit sudden, aint it?' she remarked at length.

"'It was Carrie's turn to stare now.

"'The 'at, I mean,' explained Miss Walker, genially. 'It didn't strike me, not at first. But you've no call to worry yourself. It takes worse than that to upset me!'

"'Carrie reddened; but she winked skittishly, saying:

"'Sour grapes, my dear; sour grapes.'

"'My mistake again!' exclaimed Hookey. 'I thought they was cherries. Sun's changed the colour of 'em, I suppose? There's never no knowin' with that kind. A week's wear—an' you've got a noo trimmin' fur nothink.'

"'Seem to 'ave a fancy fur 'arpin' on me 'at,' remarked the other loftily. 'Praps you'd like me to inform you 'oo chose it. It wasn't me—it was Mister Pole, if you wanten know.'

"'I didn't wanten know,' said Hookey. 'But I'm much obliged to you fur tellin' me. You sayin' that Clemmie done the choosin' explains it at once. 'E always was a oner for 'is joke. . . . I'm surprised at you lettin' 'im go so fur with it, though. Ony let 'im choose your boots as well, an' you might pass fur anythink—bar a pieceman. You'd want a chest fur that, of course!'

But perhaps the gem of gems is the debate of the Free Debaters, in which Charles Warren Wallace, a typical Baboo, takes the floor, having been informed by the chairman that "the subject afore the 'Ouse is 'Future Life'—an' if you arst me, a rottener subjec' couldn't 'a' bin 'it on." The Baboo, it may be observed, gets foul of Mr. Gager of the Camberwell League of

Independents. Here is some of the debate, and the magniloquence of the Baboo is simply imitatively rendered:

"My cognomen, Honourable Sir, is Mister Wallace. Mister Charles Warren Wallace."

"The Irrevocable Grand Chairman bowed stiffly to one of two fellow-helots from Bengal."

"The man," said he, 'as tole 'is name for 'isself. It is wiv great satisfaction—faction, that I now arst 'im to stand up an' deliver 'is speech. I 'ope you will enjoy it!"

"Mr. Charles Warren Wallace rose to his feet."

"Friends, fellow-Britons, and citizens," said he, 'be so kind as to lend me for a few moments the attention of your amiable ears!"

"Go 'ome an' read your Bard agen," cried a very stout gentleman in a frock-coat. "You got it all wrong!"

"Mr. Wallace sniggered. "I am a fellow for badinage myself," said he, 'but am also slave to proper precedent. I must be silent as the grave owing to traditions obtaining, and much discouraging to the practice of replying to anonymous exclamations."

"Was you alluding to me, sir?" enquired the fat man, rising hastily and adjusting his tie. "Because, if so—because, if so—" he paused amid a pointed silence; then again exclaimed, 'because, if so,' adding weakly, 'I'll jes' trouble you to explain yourself."

"With obliging permission of Honourable Chair," answered the lecturer, 'I will venture to simplify the form and substance of my devil-may-care rhetoric. Brevity is the soul of wisdom; so, putting aside all airs and graces, I will go to the ant, and, in emulation of his excessive talent for business, improve this shining hour by enquiring the appellation of my jocular interpolater."

"E wants your name, Joe," explained the chairman."

"Joseph Gager is my name," announced the big man. "I am 'ere as the representative of "The Camberwell League of Independents." It is unnecessary to inform the meetin' any further. Every man what is not a mere serf an' a 'ypocrite an' a charlatan an' a word-waster knows what we are. We are affiliated to the Brother'ood 'oo's honoured guest I am to-night. We are fur independence before everythink and free speech before all. We are fur common-sense. We are—"

"Order! order!" shouted a voice."

"The worthy delegate will forgive—" began Mr. Wallace; but the Camberwell Independent glared him into silence."

"I am 'ere," continued that personage, 'fur the purpose of downing the wrong-'eaded an' cock-eyed notions of the gentleman in brown, an'—"

"Shame! Shame!" was uttered in tones which I have reason to believe were my own."

"Colour, good mister, is an episode which is only skin deep," bleated Mr. Wallace."

"Not yours, me beauty; not yours. We know your sort. You got a muddy skin an' a muddy mind. You—"

"Wait, worthy orator; wait, only. My humble eloquence will soon terminate itself, and it will then be your opportunity to collect your witty sentiments into a cohesive address."

"I will not be put down by nobody—furrin' or otherwise," roared Mr. Gager. "I maintain that you an' your fat-'eaded, flat-footed, footlin' lucky-bag of words is a insult to a community of thinkin' men. You come 'ere wiv an 'eadful of lop-sided, 'arf-baked, Christy-Minstrel notions—"

"Honourable Sir, you goad me to expostulate. My modest philosophies have not yet been submitted to favour of your invaluable approval. They are still wrapped up, like immature mutton beneath its woolly fleece, in the warmth of my own poor brain. In short, good Mister, your talk is too speedy. My little opinions have been not yet unfolded to honourable company!"

"An' speakin' fur the company," retorted Mr. Gager, 'I can say as I don't want 'em. Keep your lop-eared opinions."

"Honourable Chairman, I must proffer request for protection. Esteemed Mister Gager is usurping attention creditable to my account. Proceeding of my small but well-prepared address is thus nipped in the bud, which is out of order."

"Mr. Walker arose, with something of hesitancy."

"Perhaps our honoured guest will do the company a favour"—here Mr. Gager glared malignantly—"a favour, be obligin' it be kindly sittin' down."

"Mr. Gager complied, with an acid laugh."

"It's on'y pleasure deferred, Mr. Gager," remarked William."

"I have sat down," said that proud man, 'an' that's all as needs be said. But I can tell you as it'll take mor'n a lot of wild asses an' educated 'ogs to get me up again. You scorn me assistance when it's offered; now you can do wivout it altogether."

"He added many dark sayings about swivel-eyed fools and mestly-mouthed muddlers. He referred still more pointedly to the Indian gentlemen, whose qualities he characterised as being thicker than water."

Heaps more would I gladly extract from this grandly witty book, which requires only to be known to be universally popular; but space forbids. The simple truth of the matter is that Mr. Neil Lyons knows his Cockney, male and female, off by heart, and can reproduce him with scrupulous and appreciative exactitude."

In Birdland with Field-glass and Camera, by Oliver G. Pike (Unwin), is a new and popular edition of a work which must appeal to every true-hearted reader of COUNTRY LIFE. Mr. Pike goes birds'-nesting and bird watching with field-glass and camera, and teaches us how to do it also. The trophies which he secures are at once more lasting and more valuable than the strings of eggs which were the delight of boyhood, and in a quiet way he proves himself to be possessed of the true spirit of the field naturalist. Every honest boy should possess the book, and strive to obey the precepts which it inculcates. Moreover, the boy possessing the book is likely to obey the precepts, for it is written with more than considerable force."

High Policy (Unwin) is by the author of "The Journalist," to wit, Mr. C. F. Keary, who has written several other books. It is undeniably clever; it could not help so being, for Mr. Keary is a remarkably clever man; but to my mind it lacks the undefinable but indispensable quality of life. It is, however, as good as any of Mr. Keary's other books, which, to my mind again, have the same fault of lifelessness. But it is only fair to say that others, equally competent, perhaps more so, think highly of Mr. Keary's work."

The Diamond of Evil, by Fred Wishaw (John Long), is a somewhat crude but interesting story of adventure."

The Summer Playground, by C. Spencer Hayward. All about games and how to play them, not merely from a physical, but also from a moral, point of view. The principles advocated are unexceptionable, the style is childlike. Here is a sample: "I love games. So long as I can remember I have loved them, especially games with balls."

FROM THE PAVILION.

THOUGH it is nearly ten days since Rhodes's on-drive won for England one of the most sensational games ever played, it is only right historically that some mention should be made of it in COUNTRY LIFE. By some the victory will be regarded as the victory of Jessop and Jackson, Hirst and Lockwood, but I prefer to regard it as the victory of the side to which those mentioned were the chief contributors—a victory, too, which confers a kind of cricket immortality on all concerned, Australians and Englishmen alike. It is impossible to predicate of any given match that it is the most sensational, or of any cricket victory that it is the most remarkable on record; but few matches or victories can have deserved superlatives more, the strange thing being not that we won, but that the Australians lost, so keenly clever are they to press an advantage. The truth is, that we never looked like winning till

Rhodes's last stroke. The first day's play was all against us, for 324, though it may not necessarily be a winning score, is not a losing score as a rule. On the second day we kept our heads above water, nothing more; indeed, had we scored ten runs less and been compelled to follow on, we must have lost as the wicket then was. We did well to put the Australians out for 121, but as our deficit was 141 we were left to get 263 in the fourth innings, on an impaired wicket, against fine bowling,

fine fielding, and a fine fighting side. Half the side, the top half, is out for 48: victory is impossible. The next wicket adds 99 it is true, but Jackson is gone. And so the game plods on. England always having the worst of it, till the last man appears and we require fifteen. Not many runs in print, it is true, but a great many when you have got to get them on the field, and against Australian bowling and fielding; however, the runs did



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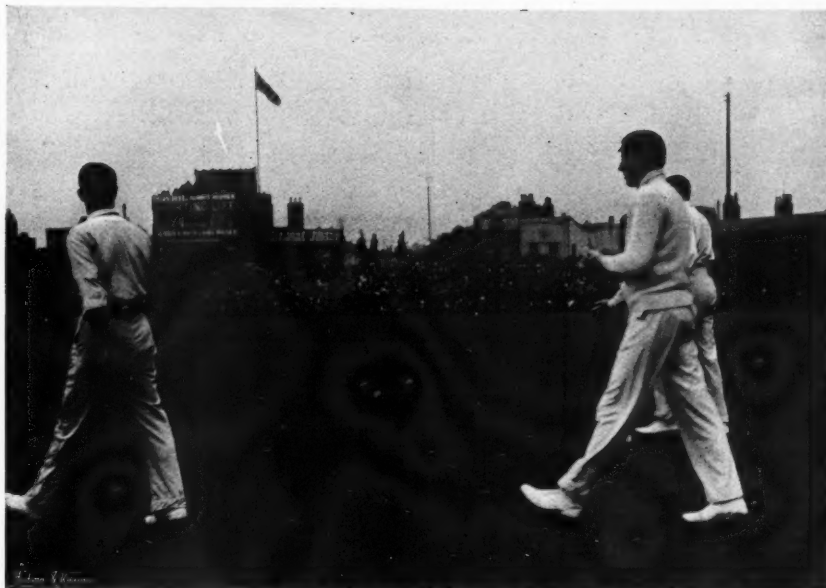
THE CROWDED PAVILION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

come, and it was once more shown that it is the impossible—let us say, as cricket is concerned, the utterly improbable—that came off. Jessop's success was really the feature of the match, not merely because he scored 104 runs, but because he scored them against a side that is by way of regarding him as a "soft thing" but he has shown how, all other issues set aside, a team is never done with till its hitter is out, and also that no side should be without a hitter. Future selection committees, please note!

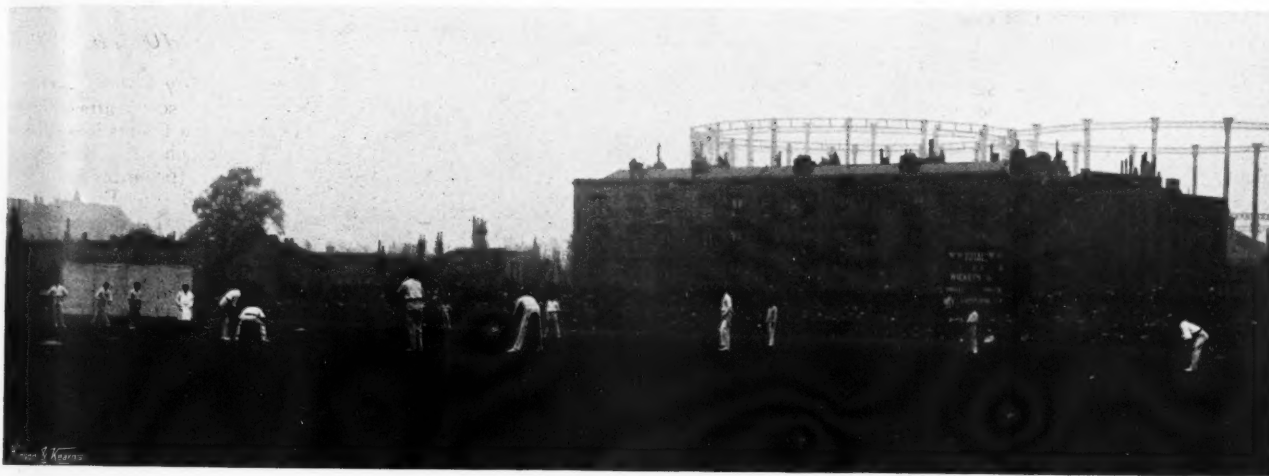
Hirst's success is also a little remarkable, as there was some cavilling at his inclusion in the team. However, as threatened men live long, so do maligned people succeed greatly. It is no secret that thousands of selectors, who get their information from print alone, would have preferred, and did prefer, Haigh to Hirst. Haigh might possibly have got more wickets than Hirst, and at a low cost, but, whereas Haigh is a man of excitable keenness, Hirst has the keenness without the excitability, and a good thing it was for us, at a period when a single rash or flash stroke spelled ruin. It is the nerveless, unemotional man who succeeds at cricket.

I am not disposed to sympathise with the Australians, partly because the rubber has gone to them, partly because they ought to have won, though I am not prepared to say how; but it seems curious that Trumble and Saunders bowled practically unchanged and were scored off freely. I should have thought Hopkins worth a



Copyright THE AUSTRALIANS TAKE THE FIELD. "COUNTRY LIFE."

no reason to change his bowling, who am I that I should carp? Trumble's first innings bowling gives remarkable figures, and his 63 was the largest score, so that he comes out full of honours, but Lockwood and Hirst are the only two bowlers who had real



Copyright IN FULL PLAY. "COUNTRY LIFE."

trial, and that, well and persistently as Trumble bowled, a few overs of rest would have brought him back with a little more "life" in wrist and shoulder. Still, a bowler often loses his length when he is taken off and recalled, while, if Darling saw

success. Well, it was another *giganto machia*, and only one side could win. Thank goodness that side was ours! I have only heard two jarring notes struck, one about Saunders's action, and one about "leg-play" to Braund. As to the latter, I suspect that the blackness of the pot was only equalled by the sootiness of the kettle; as to the former, we heard of it in Australia, but have heard nothing of it over here till now. I think the sleeping dog might have been allowed to lie. Especially after such a splendid fight as that of last week, in which the victory of the English team only added glory to their gallant opponents.

I just hear, with deep regret, of poor George Vernon's death in Africa of malarial fever. He was a splendid cricketer of the natural type, I always thought, but as keen as mustard and a rare hustler of runs, with a cool and calculating head to boot. He was in at the finish, by the way, in the famous Middlesex-Yorkshire match, known as O'Brien's match. Few men have excelled as he excelled in all manner of sports, as in addition to being a first-rate cricketer, football player, and racquet player, he was a proficient at billiards, a fine fisherman, and an ardent climber of the Alps. He told me once that it gave him more pleasure to surmount a difficult climb than to kick a winning goal in an International match, catch a 40lb. salmon, or make 100 against Surrey. W. J. FORD.



Copyright HIRST AND BRAUND GO OUT. "COUNTRY LIFE."

OLD EFFIGY AND VAMP-HORN.

THE cross-legged figure represented here is in the Church of Braybrooke, in Northamptonshire. It is a finely proportioned piece of carving, done in wood, larger than life. It is in memory of Sir Thomas de Latymer, who died in 1334 at Braybrooke. The date is interesting. The last crusade was in 1270. It is not inconceivable that Sir Thomas de Latymer may have taken a part in it, and yet have died in 1334—men went to war when they were young in those days. But, on the other hand, the average length of life was not what it is now, and it is extremely improbable that he whose effigy we see here ever accompanied the first Edward, and the last crusader, to the Holy Land. Indeed, there is no doubt that the popular theory of the crossed legs, denoting the crusader, is no more than a popular fallacy, most of the cross-legged figures being of later date than the last crusade.

With regard to this figure in the Braybrooke Church, Mr. Albert Harts-horne, treating of monumental effigies under "the Gothic Period," writes: "This wooden effigy of strange proportions" (but, in fact, the proportions, relatively considered, are just enough, as even this reproduction of a photograph serves to show), "and of the great length of 7ft. 4in., has suffered much from decay. It is carved in very knotty oak, and represents a man wearing a ridged cervelière over a mail, grenouillères of plate, a surcote reaching only to the knees—the cyclas, in fact, with its hinder portion cut off—and plain gauntlets. The spurs have wheel rowels, and the shield, no doubt originally blazoned with arms, is suspended by a narrow gigue. The short surcote indicates the transition from the cyclas, which it resembles in being open at the sides, to the jupon which succeeded it as a military garment. The ridged cervelière is the precursor of the pointed bascinet, but is very seldom met with."



Mrs. D. Broughton. OLD WOODEN EFFIGY IN BRAYBROOKE CHURCH.

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There are several points, as this very account serves to indicate, that make this figure worthy of some attention from the antiquary. Incidentally there is a point that is interesting to the sculptor. There is no material in which finer work can be done than in a good wood. Knotted oak (probably got from a pollarded tree) is the most durable of all our English kinds. Yet even this has suffered considerable decay, as seen in the picture—notice especially the slab on which the figure is lying, and the arm—though probably it has been kept under cover in the church during the whole of the very few hundred years of its existence as a work of art. It is a striking evidence of the perishable character of even the very hardest wood.

A further note that we may quote, from the same volume from which the above extract was made, runs: "Such memorials" (as these cross-legged figures) "bear obviously no more reference to attachment to the enthusiastic expeditions to Palestine than to participation in the wars of Edward I. in Wales and Scotland. With a view to once more dispelling this fiction, it may be stated there are no cross-legged figures on the Continent, and that one of the striking characteristics of the armed English effigies is that, with two or three exceptions, they are uniformly shown with open eyes, as living and alert, with the hands in prayer or drawing or sheathing their swords. Moreover, devotional feeling has been invariably expressed in recumbent statues throughout Christendom by the position and treatment of the hands, and not by the attitude of the legs, and this is illustrated by hundreds of monumental effigies from end to end of England. By far the greater number of cross-legged effigies are, as has been intimated, of a later date than the eighth" (or seventh) "and last crusade—1270."

The point of date is the important one. The cross-legged attitude might quite well have been accepted as conventionally indicating the crusader but for the evidence of dates. Another theory is that the crossed legs indicated that the original to whom the monument was made was a married man. It would take too long to discuss this theory here, but at least it escapes the blame of anachronism. There have been married men in England since 1270.

The other picture, from the same Church of Braybrooke, is of one of the very scarce "vamp-horns," of which the origin and use is the subject of much conjecture among antiquaries. This in Braybrooke Church is said to be in a better state of preservation than any other. The name sometimes is attributed to the shape of the horn distantly (very distantly) resembling the shape of the vamps, or short hose, from French *avant-pied*—the word still survives, in the cobbler's sense of vamping, or putting new uppers to, old shoes. It is said that there are no more than six of these large and curiously fashioned horns now left in England, but probably a few have escaped the search of the learned. In any case, it is extremely unlikely that a more typical or better preserved specimen is in existence than that which is shown here.



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

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VAMP-HORN IN BRAYBROOKE CHURCH.

A derivation of the name from German "waidhorn" has been suggested, but this, too, has its obvious difficulties, and probably the former is the correct derivation. Whether the original use of the vamp-horns was, as has been asserted, to magnify the voice of a leader of a choir and set the tunes for the hymns, there is no doubt that some of them have been used for this purpose. In principle the vamp-horn is an anticipation of the megaphone. This one in Braybrooke Church is reckoned to magnify the sound of the voice three or four times. In the early part of last century the sexton used to go round the village on Sundays to summon with the vamp-horn the people to attendance at the services.

This vamp-horn is 6oin. long, the diameter across the bell is 25in., and the mouthpiece about 3½in. in diameter. The whole is of complicated manufacture, composed of ten large rings, and the rings in the actual bell are themselves made up of smaller parts. There is another of these rare and curious vamp-horns in the Church of Harrington, in the same shire of Northampton.

DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS.

SPORT with these hounds has been of a varied description, as the weather has not been very favourable, the heat having been on some days oppressive, while at another time a drifting sea mist spread over the moor and rendered it hard to see what hounds were doing. On Wednesday a very large field assembled at Brendon Two Gates, a lonely spot in the centre of Exmoor, for it was known that deer abounded in the neighbourhood, and when once hounds have found a gallop on the open is assured. There was no difficulty in finding—the only trouble arose from too many being found. Twenty stags jumped up together before hounds, and a wild gallop over some of the softest and trippiest ground on the moor took place before they could be separated on Manor Allotment; a heavy stag was singled out and hounds laid on his line. Away we went over the heather to the Deer Park, where more deer were on foot, mostly hinds, but the pack never left the line of their stag and drove him down to Badgworthy. Thence a sharp gallop over the wild expanse of Brendon and Countis' vry Common brought the much-diminished field to the edge of the cliffs overhanging the Bristol Channel, not far from the new lighthouse at Countisbury Foreland. Here on the beach the stag was killed. During the latter part of the run it was very hard to keep with hounds owing to the sea mist, which spread over everything.

Meeting at Exford village, hounds drew the small wooded combs on the side of Dunkery, and after some delay roused several deer. The pack was laid on the line of a heavy stag which showed small inclination to face the open moor, but ran a long chain of coverts through Luccombe Plantation, Homer, Bell Wood, and Hawkcombe to Westcott Brake, where he saved his life by joining a herd of about a score of stags, from which it was found impossible to separate him. The day was hot and moist and oppressive, and though in the open hounds ran a good pace, they could do little in covert. It was a very trying day for horses.

ON THE GREEN.

MR. W. BRANDER, scratch player at the Cinque Ports Club at Deal, seems to have fallen into a habit of winning the annual tournament for the Borough of Deal Challenge Cup that threatens to become chronic. Last year he did indeed commit the oversight of being beaten by Mr. G. Struthers in the final heat, but he won the tournament the year before that, and this year again he has won it, defeating Mr. J. Cleghorn in the final by no less than seven up and six to play. Mr. Brander's case would appear to be one calling for drastic remedies. No doubt they will be applied. As nearly as could be he had also a share in winning the foursome tournament. With Mr. Carruthers as his partner, he was in the final heat with Mr. Jockel and Major Pym. It must have been a terrible match, for at the end of the round it was all square, and another hole had to be played for decision. This nineteenth hole was won by Mr. Jockel and his partner, and so, too, the tournament.

Herd has tackled Fernie at Troon in a manner that did not give the latter much of a chance. They talk of Fernie as a veteran, and he has been playing first-class golf—to say nothing of lecturing on it, which one would think would take it out of a man: writing about it is quite bad enough—for a great many years now, but still he is eight years—I think that is the exact reckoning— younger than the present amateur champion, who amongst his claims to fame has that of being a grandfather. At all events, Fernie is young enough still to play rattling good golf, especially on his own Troon course, but he was not young enough or good enough to hold Herd in the mood that possessed the champion in their latest meeting at Troon. Herd did all the business in the first half of the thirty-six hole match, taking seven holes out of the eighteen, and holding the round in the score of 68, which score, as the reports that I have seen observe, with gravity, is three strokes better than the "par" of the green, though not as good by two strokes as Fernie's record score there. In any case it may be taken as representing horribly good golf. In the afternoon Fernie held his own, and the champion took no more off him. But he had enough already, and of that sufficiency he let none go, and finally won by those seven holes, with six to play.

No doubt there are those who will remember Coronation Day because of the incident that the King was crowned on it. On the other hand, it deserves to be commemorated as the day on which Mr. John Graham, playing for the Coronation prize at Hoylake, went round in a score of 74, which I see is reported as being two better than his own previous record for the green. No doubt this is correct. I had fancied that the course had been done in less, either by Mr. Graham himself, by Mr. Hilton, Mr. Ball, or some other; but, as I have seen said before by some writer overcome by an excess of modesty, I

may be wrong. In any case, it is a grand score, and with that score and a penalty handicap of seven strokes tacked on to it, Mr. Graham tied with Mr. Wrigley for the handicap prize. Since then they have played off, but Mr. Graham was by no means in the form that had brought him round in 74. He scored a highly respectable 80, but Mr. Wrigley scored 89 and had to deduct from this just the number of strokes, namely, seven, that Mr. Graham had to tack on. Result, an easy win for the man whom the handicap helped.

I have been playing on the Winchester Green lately. Is it rude to say that I was surprised to find how good it was? It is long enough, although Mr. Bramston has, I believe, done it in 67. It is undulating enough to make anyone but an Alpine climber wish it were a little less so; the greens are good, the lies fair, the hazards fairly sufficient in this year of long grass (but I am told they are going to make some sixty new bunkers), and the whole place is wild, breezy, and jolly—on top of the Downs. It is only a ten minutes' walk down to the station. It would take me a great deal longer to walk up, but I did not try; there are cabs, and one must support honest labour.

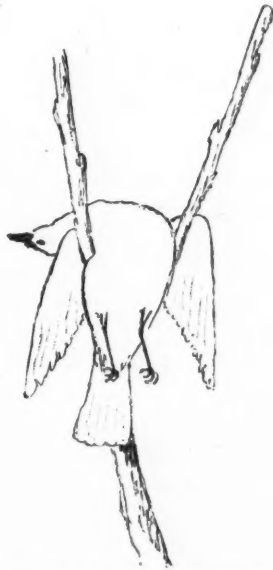
HORACE HUTCHINSON.



FUR AND FEATHER FARMING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As has often been pointed out in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE, there are a great many animals in danger of being exterminated, some, of course, are of no use and others positive enemies to the human race, these, therefore, according to the law of the survival of the fittest, have to go to the wall. But, again, there is another side of the question. Many species are hunted down simply on account of their rarity; either the collector wishes a specimen or the lady of fashion desires a fur or feather boa or other barbaric decoration which few of her friends—or shall we say rivals?—can afford to purchase. Now, it seems to me that this morbid taste might be turned to good account by a simple commercial speculation, that is, if a syndicate with a considerable capital were formed for the purpose of farming any bird or animal which was likely to become very scarce, and, in the language of the Stock Exchange, make a corner of it. The beaver is an excellent example. It was quite common in North America until its fur became fashionable enough to induce traders to offer a price which made it worth the while of hunters to take a little trouble to trap the poor beast. Now the beaver colonies, even in the remoter districts of Canada, are few and far between, and the price of their skins has risen immensely, so that the race is in imminent danger. But the colony at Leonardslee, illustrations of which appeared in your pages some time ago, shows that with very little care they will increase and replenish the earth very rapidly if given a fair chance in a suitable locality. I think there are many waste places which might be utilised by planting similar colonies, and a fair return for the capital expended might be confidently expected. I believe that some farms for the purpose of raising minks have been started in America, but with what success I am unable to say. But if an instance is wanted, there is the large and prosperous industry of ostrich farming, which is to be thanked for preserving this beautiful and interesting bird, which would otherwise have been hunted off the face of the earth long ago. Perhaps you may consider the suggestion worthy of bringing to the notice of your readers.—C. S.



AN AWFUL DEATH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I send herewith a sketch meant to represent a dead rook which was hanging in the top of a high elm tree close to our garden. The rook was first observed on the morning of Tuesday, January 21st, when it was seen to be struggling to release itself. It was still alive on Wednesday morning, but at 1 p.m. I could not see any movement. I then got a telescope, and with its aid discovered the position in which it had been nipped and made a rough sketch on the spot, of which the one I send is a copy. It seems strange how the bird became jammed on its back between the branches. It could hardly have been wounded, as the tree is in the middle of a city.—D. A. RAWLENCE, Newlands, Salisbury.

FAILURE OF LILIUM CANDIDUM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In many parts of the country there has been a grievous failure this year of the beautiful Madonna lily (candidum). The failure has been local, for in some parts the lily has done well, but where it has failed the failure has been distinct and, as I say, grievous. Naturally we have been disposed to ascribe it to the well-known, too well-known, disease which attacks the bulbs. My purpose in writing is to endeavour to dispel this apprehension. I have dug up

several of my own bulbs, of plants that have utterly failed, and find them not only perfectly healthy and free from the disease, but actually beginning already their next year's shoots. I hear the same from several neighbouring gardeners who have made the same experiment. It is evident, then, that in a great many of the cases the cold, wet, and unseasonable weather is the cause of the plant's failure, and not any evil at the root. I write to say this because so many, like myself, will have been brought to the verge of despair by the failure of their lilies and the apprehension that the bulbs were suffering from that disease, which can be in some measure assuaged by sulphur-sprinkling, but is only to be thoroughly dealt with by destroying the bulbs in fire. Let gardeners in digging up the bulbs of their apparent failures "go delicately," for it is likely they may find them as well and vigorous as my own have proved.—H.

PUTTING GREENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should feel very much obliged if you will answer the following in your columns at an early date: I have great trouble in keeping the putting greens on our links in order on account of the sandy nature of the soil. The links are close to the sea. After heavy rain or a little dry weather the greens get full of little holes, so of course become very uneven for putting. Unfortunately, we cannot lay the water on to the greens. I tell you this so that you can see how we are placed. What soil do you recommend for top-dressing? If you will answer this as fully as possible I shall be obliged.—F. A. K., Wellington, N.Z.

[The great thing to do in a case of this kind is to try to enrich the soil; practically it comes to making a new soil. When this is done, the grass (in this country at least, and presumably in New Zealand too) will grow so as to make a good mat of turf, which will not allow rain and sun to wash out and dry out pits and patches. It is hard to advise without knowing what soil you can get hold of. Old garden soil of a loamy nature is the best, but if you have not got this, get hold of some loamy soil and lay it by for a month or two, turning it over now and then. When you want to apply it to the greens, which you can do all through autumn and winter, you must lay up the green, or the part of the green you are going to treat, and must not play on it while you are applying the new soil. Mix a little bone manure with the soil, which you must screen, so as to free it of big lumps, before applying it. Then spread it, throwing it with the hand, as a sower throws seed, over the green, until only the tops of the grass blades show above it. Do not cover the blades altogether, or you may kill what grass you have. When all this first application has disappeared, which will be in a month or so, according to the weather, repeat the application, which you may go on repeating right through until the spring if you please. By the spring you almost certainly will get a closer, softer, denser growth of turf. Do not trouble the treated ground, until you want to play on it, with roller or mower, nor use these more than necessary even when bringing the ground into play. Every grass blade cut off means so much shade and shelter taken away, and ground of the kind you describe needs all the shade and shelter possible. Greens treated in this manner require very little water, even if you are able to give it to them. Such, at least, is our experience in this country.—Ed.]

CURIOUS FUNGI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE you ask for illustrations of any remarkable fungi, whilst giving a very fine specimen of one it has never been my good luck to see. I am sending you, therefore, *Polyporus Betulinus*, because of its curious growth and use, namely, a razor strop in country districts, for which it will last some years. Also another vastly smaller specimen, which comes up and disappears in a day or night, generally with earth attaching, by reason of its



sudden growth, as is seen in the illustration. A labouring man I knew called it "one day"; generally it is seen in or near stable-yards. You may think it interesting, so I enclose it, and should be glad to learn its correct name. I have sought it in vain.—E. K. PEARCE.

A TAME GULL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The herring gull pictured has been in a kitchen garden at Bognor for twenty-seven years. His bill and eye are pale straw colour, and only show dark through photography. He was brought to the garden young, probably just full grown, and took six instead of the usual three years to gradually change his plumage from a mottled brown to grey and white. He has been pinioned. He is very sensible, but not sweet-tempered, and likes my friend's company, and calls to him, endeavouring by different notes to express his pleasure, his anger, or his wants, following his master about in the garden whenever he has opportunity. My friend does his own gardening, and has to be careful not to maim the bird when using spade or other tool, so eager is the bird to secure whatever may be turned up in the way of food; snails, worms, wire-worms, earwigs, beetles, and woodlice are eaten readily. He will swallow a bird as big as a thrush, whole and head foremost, after well shaking it, and when digestion is

completed the bones and feathers are thrown up in a clean pellet. If a sparrow flies down for a scrap he chases it away, and patrols the whole premises in the twilight to find what he can. My friend allows no one to feed him but himself, generally once a day, with pieces of meat as large as the top of one's finger, with a little bread, vegetable, or fruit, giving only as much as can be eaten with avidity; a shallow rain-water tank affords him drink and a swim. He never goes under cover. A burgomaster gull, I have heard on reliable authority, lived under similar circumstances for fifty years! But often gulls die prematurely from misadventure, or frequently from too little air and exercise, as well as from over-feeding. In my own garden I have had what I believe to be a herring gull (it has a claw behind its foot) for sixteen years. It does not care for snails, earwigs, beetles, etc.—perhaps it is too well and regularly fed. Occasionally it has brained young chickens. It will swallow a thrush, but refuses to eat starlings. Is there any external mark to guide one in determining sex? Do gulls breed in captivity?—E. D. T., Eynsford, Kent.

AN EXPLANATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the letter headed "Wanted, an Explanation," in your paper of July 26th, I think I can account for the water and bubbles trickling from the tree. It is said that it was after a heavy rainfall. I think there might have been an opening where a branch had been broken off higher up in the tree, thereby causing a small reservoir, and the water found its way thence by some internal channel to the lower opening, from which it was seen to issue by your correspondent.—Q. E. D., Epsom.